BRITISH MUSEUM

JOHN BULL

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see page iii. of cover.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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MENTAL EXHAUSTION	NEURITIS	TREMBLING	IRRITABILITY
LASSITUDE	NEURASTHENIA	RESTLESSNESS	NERVOUS PALPITATION
VAGUE FEARS	NERVOUS INDIGESTION	NEURALGIA	INABILITY TO CONCENTRATE THE MIND
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JOHN BULL.

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Vol. VII. No. 161. Saturday, July 3rd, 1909. One Penny.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The Inaugural meeting of the John Bull League will be held in either the Albert Hall or Drury Lane Theatre. Arrangements for the overflow have not yet been made. We hope to have the League in working order in time for the General Election. Cranks and Kill-joys, please note.

Who is the Labour M.P. who is "up the pole" and whose conduct in the House is a source of general annoyance to Members?

There is no foundation for the rumour that the friends of Mr. Herbert Samuel, in the House of Commons, are subscribing a fund to present the right hon. gentleman with a golden halo. The proposal was mooted, but the difficulty was to get one large enough.

After the revelations in connection with the murder of the lady missionary in Chinatown, it may be hoped that people will pause before subscribing further money to these "missions." What it costs to "convert" a Chinaman or a Jew, and to keep him in the faith, would feed thousands of hungry stomachs at home.

The *Daily Mail* has instituted a "Commission" to investigate spirit photography, and three expert photographers have decided against the spooks. Well, we are surprised.

We have looked in vain amongst the Birthday Honours for Sir Arthur Roberts, Lady Lloyd, Lord Shaw, Sir James Crow, and Lord Crosland.

Process has been served in an interesting divorce suit, the co-respondent in which is a well-known Liberal peer, against whom £15,000 damages are claimed. Some fatality seems to haunt the Liberal party just now in these matters.

The Birthday Honours list does not enthuse us, but there is one name which it affords us a great deal of pleasure to see there—that of Dr. F. J. Campbell, the blind principal of the Normal College at Norwood. Dr. Campbell has given all his life to this work, and until now he has received no honour or recognition whatever from the State. It is just about twelve months since we addressed to him our "Open Letter." Evidently His Majesty or His Majesty's advisers made a note of it at the time. "I believe," said JOHN BULL, "there is such a thing in this country as an Order of Merit. As yet it does not appear to have come your way. Perhaps when the politicians have time to turn from their political squabbles and estimate all that you have done and continue to do to make the blind young men and women of England self-reliant and self-supporting, able to take their share in the world's work as those who have the inestimable gift of sight, they will remember you are still among us, though untrumpeted from the housetops." Well, they have remembered. And so, good.

The King has come out in a new rôle, as a jester—his own Court jester, to wit. Addressing the boys at Wellington College, he said, "I only hope that your head-master's great qualities may not for a long time get him promotion in the Church." This reminds us of an anecdote about the late Queen Victoria. Discussing the career of a certain statesman, she expressed curiosity as to his future. "Oh!" said a lady-in-waiting, "I suppose they will make him a peer." "*They!?*" exclaimed the Queen, in high dudgeon, not having her son's sense of humour.

Has Lord Rosebery also joined the Grand Fellowship of National Humbugs? We ask the question because it turns out that his lordship, after having written to the parish minister of Blochairn, Glasgow, deploring the new Sunday train service of the Caledonian Railway Company, and doubting "if (*sic*) the railway directors have fully appreciated the strength of feeling in Scotland on the subject," left Dover on the Sunday following, for Paris. May we take it Lord Rosebery has a conscientious conviction that he has a special dispensation from Providence to travel on Sundays?

Our recent article on our Education Authorities, wherein we exposed the crass ignorance of a Hertfordshire education officer, has caused much comment in school circles. It is generally recognised as a scandal that ignorant vulgarians should be placed in highly-paid situations, whilst scholarly and refined teachers are struggling on miserable salaries.

The Lord's Day Observance Society has petitioned Mr. Asquith against "the persistent efforts now being made to utilise Sunday as a day for military exercises" on the ground that "the day is already earmarked by its Maker for higher and better purposes." So far the Territorials have not complained. If and when they do, the matter will have to be considered in the light of service exigencies, and in no other. There is a vast deal of difference between a military organisation and a Sunday-school.

As soon as the contents of the late Mr. Morrison's will were known, the *Daily Telegraph* and other journals came out with flaring headlines about his "Munificent Bequests to Charities." Yet, if we compare the £50,000 so bequeathed with the total estate, it will be found that it represents £100 on £20,000, or £250 on £50,000. And who would rave about that? It is wills like Mr. Morrison's which justify the Death Duties.

We have no very high opinion of Mr. Justice Lawrance, but he spoke good, sound sense the other day when, in dealing with a betting case, he remarked, "when the question of taxes was being considered so much, a tax on bets might be a good one." His Lordship must join the John Bull League.

Mr. Lloyd George is lucky in not having to appear at the seat of judgment with Alderman Winkley in the chair. Speaking at an anti-Budget meeting in the City, he said that "if Mr. Lloyd George came before the chairman of the meeting on a charge of conspiracy it would afford him pleasure to give the Right Hon. Gentleman six months without the option." Happily, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has no reason to be depressed. The worst never happens.

As Chairman of the Kitchen Committee of the House of Commons, Sir James Jacoby occupied a position in the State midway between the Prime Minister and the chief cook, and nobody could have assumed his vast responsibilities with a weightier sense of their importance. When Sir James answered a question about chops and steaks, he adopted the grand manner of an Under-Secretary, and the fact that the Notice Paper contained a question to the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee, was always sufficient to secure a full House. Such is human nature.

The publicans of Liverpool are not so unhappy about the Budget as to be unable to find a joke or two in it. Cain Limited, the local brewers, have introduced the smaller spirit measure now generally known to the trade as the "Lloyd George," placarding their houses with notices of the same to such an extent that visitors can hardly see the pattern of the wall-paper. The answer of the rival houses is to placard their premises with the notice, "Only Imperial Measure Sold Here. No *Welshing*." 'Tis a neat jest.

A few days ago a policeman found a hungry Scot frae Glasca' asleep in a shelter on the front, at Worthing. When awakened he said he was tired, as he had tramped from Eastbourne. The policeman ran him in, the Superintendent gave him a good breakfast, and the Mayor, before whom he was charged, gave him one day—meaning only detention until the rising of the court—and "a little money to help him on the way" to Southampton. Evidently they read us Worthing way; wherefore to his Worship and the Superintendent we raise our hat.

Talking of hats, Mr. Balfour borrowed the chapeau of Mr. Austen Chamberlain in the House of Commons the other evening and placed it on his head while addressing the Chair. This was, doubtless, the subtle retort to the rumour that Austen has lately been stepping into his leader's shoes.

We are not surprised to hear that the Albanians are defeating the Young Turks, and expect soon to hear of Abdul Hamid's release.

Various statesmen have been amusing themselves and the Colonial journalists by attempting to distinguish between literature and journalism. Jim Crow sends us his suggestion: Journalism is bad literature; literature is not good journalism.

One of our readers, being a holder of duty-paid sugar on the spot and in anticipation of the Budget, insured himself at Lloyd's against increased duty being levied by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He now tells us that the underwriters refuse to pay, on the ground that the Budget has not yet been passed. We find it very difficult to credit such a statement. The insurance clearly related to proposals now embodied in the Finance Bill, and the money is undoubtedly due. We cannot believe that Lloyd's Committee would sanction such a quibble.

There seems to be no limit to the drivelling gush of the day. A play comes to an end after an unusually long run, whereupon a London daily announces: "*There were many who left the theatre with tears in their eyes at the thought that the 'Widow' is shortly to be withdrawn from London.*" Poor dear souls! Or had our wily friend, George Edwardes, been telling the tearful tale?

A little girl in Warwickshire, evidently imagining that the Dutch baby was as silly as herself, had the happy thought of sending a cap and bells. This was at once photographed by the *Daily Mirror*, which also gave a portrait of "Little Christine, the donor," and a facsimile of a stupid note beginning "Dear Queen, I am a little English girl. . . . I dearly love babies." What nonsense! Little Christine wants spanking.

The *Alliance News* says that Dr. Knox, the Bishop of Manchester, "has long been known as a supporter of the alleged interests of liquor traders. His strong opposition to the Licensing Bill, his treatment of a Lancashire vicar for using unfermented wine at Sacrament, and his countenance of a brewer Lord Mayor of Manchester all indicate his attitude to the 'trade' which is admittedly one of the chief causes of crime, of poverty, of lunacy—in short, of most of the social ills of the populous diocese over which he reigns." The editor who allows such stuff as this to appear in his columns is either a maniac or a humbug. In either case he is a public danger. Was Christ "a supporter of the interests of liquor"? The *Alliance News* may be a grand temperance organ—personally we would not insult a stale haddock by wrapping it up in a copy.

That is not a nice story which Mr. Meyer Juergens, wireless operator on board the *Batavia*, tells of the stranding of the *Slavonia*. He says the first cabin passengers were taken on to the *Batavia* about ten in the morning, with their baggage, the steerage passengers not being taken off until 3 p.m. "First cabin were well provided for by officers of Cunard Line and inhabitants of island. Steerage had to seek rest and comfort in open air without blankets." What must have been the feelings of the men and women and children in the steerage as they watched the baggage of the first-classers being transferred while they were left to take their chances during five hours of anguish on the sinking vessel? One would have thought that baggage, first-class or any other, would be the last for thought while human lives were in peril. And the contrast between the treatment of the two classes after their terrorising experiences is painful reading indeed. It may be that the Cunard Company have a more or less reasonable explanation to offer—in which case no time should be lost before it is offered. We feel sure there must be some explanation which has not yet come to hand.

"Much better to get properly drunk once a month than partly drunk every day," said a London Coroner at a recent inquest. "Properly drunk" is distinctly good.

Join the John Bull League. All particulars shortly.

We see that the Brighton Town Council has refused to spend £125 for a screen with an addition of £40 a season for fixing and watching, in order to shut out from human sight the spectacle of nude figures a-bathing in the rolling sea at the Russell Street Station. It appears that the sights are sometimes shocking to visitors, hotel managers, boarding-house keepers, the Nonconformist Conscience, residential old ladies, and all other proper persons, and that along the front one may often see the blush of shame on the cheek of modesty. "Look at Adam and Eve—well, you needn't look unless you want to," once said Mark Twain, in proposing the toast of "The Ladies." Probably, Brighton councillors also take the view that people who don't want to see, needn't look, and are specially privileged to pull down their blinds.

It would be interesting to know, suggests a reader, "how the £111,000 present income of the Mercers' Company, increased of late years from £83,000, is disposed of in pensions or otherwise amongst the friends of the Court of Assistants." We have had a look at the names of the "Court of Assistants," of whom there are 27, and they certainly appear to be somewhat of a family party. There are Mr. Archdale Villiers Palmer, Mr. Ralph Charlton Palmer, Mr. Greville Horsley Palmer, Mr. John Horsley Palmer, and the Rev. Edmund Stuart Palmer—five Palmers in all. Then, we find the Right Hon. Sir Cecil Clementi Smith, the Rev. Algernon Emerick Clementi Smith, Colonel Montagu Clementi Smith and the Rev. Percival Clementi Smith. Again, we have the Rev. James Baden Powell and Mr. Charles Watson Powell; Mr. George Fenn Aston and Mr. William Wallis Aston; Mr. Norman Watney and Dr. Herbert Watney—and Mr. John Holmes Blakesley, presumably related to Mr. G. H. Blakesley, the Clerk to the Court. A nice lot of mercers! We wonder what Dick Whittington would think of them.

One expects rather more pluck and spirit of the British youth than has been displayed by two seventeen-year-old pupil teachers at Bridgwater. A boy, eight years of age, fell into 3½ feet of water in the Eastover recreation ground, and it was alleged at the inquest that when some children who had been playing with him called for assistance the two pupil teachers stood by the water's edge and watched the child drown, alleging that the water was too dirty to go into it. There is evidently something mean and cowardly in the physical composition of these dainty youths, discreditable alike to their calling and to their nationality. Certainly they are not of the John Bull breed. The Town Clerk told the coroner that he should call the attention of the Education Authority to their conduct, so that it seems likely that they will be carpeted and officially homilised for their sins. They ought to be horse-whipped. No doubt the Committee will read to them our Open Letter to the Secretary of the Royal Humane Society on the case of the schoolboy Main, with a view to their moral and physical stimulation.

One of our readers directs attention to a peculiar custom which prevails in Sumatra—where the ladies rule!—that is mentioned in Miss Richings' new book "Through the Malay Archipelago." When a daughter of a Sumatran household marries, a horn covered with glittering tin is placed on the roof of the house. This process is repeated with each succeeding marriage: so that some Sumatran houses have half-a-dozen symbolical horns on their roofs. A quaint and suggestive system! A pretty musical comedy might be written round the picturesque idea. How would "Cocu" do for a title?

May we enquire what has become of Lord Rosebery's Cabmen's Fund? How much was subscribed, and who got it?

It is a pity that the light-hearted commonsense of Mr. Plowden, the London magistrate, should have degenerated to arrant nonsense in a case recently before him. For some time, money had been missed from employees' coats hung up in the dispatch department of a West End firm. Efforts to discover the thief being unavailing, the head of the department went to a chemist, purchased a strong dye, smeared the inner lining of his coat-pockets with it, hung up the coat, and awaited results. It was an ingenuity worthy of Sherlock Holmes himself, and was similarly infallible in its results, for subsequently the prisoner was found with the dye on his hands. Quoth the Cadi to the prosecutor, "You have disfigured him for a whole week in order to detect him stealing two or three pennies. This interference with the prisoner's hands was a gross interference with his personal liberty, and I am not sure the prisoner has not a claim for compensation against you for setting such a trap"—which was as bad a joke as it was bad law.

Slowly but surely the leaven of intelligence is percolating through a few of our local governing bodies. Even our educational authorities are beginning to think. Although the great reform which brought every little Radical and every little Conservative, not to mention the budding Labourite, within the scope of elementary instruction at the public cost has, on the whole, worked lasting good, the methods adopted in certain directions have not been beyond criticism. Two-thirds of the things taught outside the three R's, as we have pointed out, are of no use to the children concerned. After all, for nine-tenths of the nation the most important matter is tuition likely to be useful in earning a living: which is just what the ordinary school has not given. The L.C.C. is making a move in the right direction by proposing to spend money on a comprehensive scheme for inculcating thrift for girls—thrift meaning the wise use of money in purchasing goods and keeping house, not in fallacious "saving" of pence. Some day no doubt we shall teach rural boys something about agriculture, and town lads something more of manual skill. We are at least on the right track.

Lord Robert Cecil takes himself and the world too seriously; and he has been talking nonsense, as persons lacking a sense of humour and proportion will. Speaking at the London Diocesan Home Mission meeting he said "the sight at a great cricket match of thousands and thousands of persons sitting looking on hour after hour argued a certain want of seriousness about Englishmen in present-day life." Tut, tut! Many of the thousands would probably be better employed in playing cricket than in looking at it: for the rest, looking at cricket is a passably harmless thing to do. A man may spend six days a week working hard for England and thinking seriously about her and yet enjoy the other day at the Oval or Lord's, or even a race meeting. Besides, at the Oval, or Lord's or Epsom he might be more usefully employed for England than at the London Diocesan Home Mission. So much depends on the point of view. Cromwell was a tolerably serious person, but he liked a horse-race and a dance, and even a drink. On one occasion he amused himself by putting strawberry tart on the ladies' chairs at an all-night sitting—which was worse than going to Lord's or the Oval. Yet the frivolous old rascal (whose example is so often in the mouths and so seldom in the lives of our ultra-Puritans) was there or thereabout when England wanted him. If Lord Robert sees the crowds at Lord's he must go there; if he does not see them, what can he know about them?

"Bottomley's Book" is nearly out of print. Popular edition, one shilling.

The Postmaster-General has just issued orders on the lines of a reform urged frequently and strongly in these columns. The pen-nibs and ink provided for the use of the public at our post offices are to be changed occasionally and the ink-bottles and pen-holders are now and then to be cleaned. The order is rather vague, for these things are to be done only "with sufficient frequency"—which is an elastic phrase. However, we take it to mean that some of the prehistoric and messy pen-holders displayed at various offices for the past fifty years or so, with their accompanying muddy and hopelessly crossed nibs, will at last go to the dust-bin. The bottles, too, presumably will be filled in future with something more nearly approaching ink than the mixture heretofore favoured by a too thrifty State. We are getting on. One day, at this rate, we shall be able to write a wire for our bookmaker with a lead pencil that has not suffered the salivary attentions of four generations of telegraph boys, and to blot our P.O. signatures with a bit of paper that is not wholly black and glossed like a waiter's dress-suit.

Monsieur Marcel Prevost, the French literary personage, has a pretty taste in food, as well as demi-vierges. He likes roast saddle of lamb, which shows that he is a good judge. But perhaps he is too particular: for he will not eat this desirable dish unless the saddle is cut from a lamb brought up from birth by "a couple of ewes devoted entirely to its service." We are dainty ourselves; but Marcel goes too far. So with ortolans: Prevost must have them fattened for six months in his own house—on the study table, no doubt, so that they may be under constant supervision. His estouffade of beef he insists on having simmered slowly for two days at least. Here he is more reasonable. We know restaurants in Soho where two-years-old estouffade might pass very well as technically "fresh." On the other points, both Mrs. Bull and the domestic cook are adamant. If we want to keep our own lambs and ortolans in the spare bedroom or the scullery, we are informed, we must part with Mrs. Bull and the lady down below. And we could never bring ourselves to part with the lady down below.

We do not like to be continally jumping upon wearers of the clerical cloth, but some of them are very trying. Take the case of the Rev. J. Wood, of Higher Levenshulme. Being a rector, like many other rectors, he assumes apparently that he is within his right in being rude to those working people but for whose industry it would go very hard with him and his class. After holding forth in his parish magazine on the desirability of his townsmen emulating certain moral wonders in his congregation who, out of 18s. per week, can bring up children, take a fortnight's holidaying and save money, he says:—

> Perhaps it is needless to say that the husbands were not amongst those who spent four or five shillings weekly upon beer, tobacco and music-halls, neither did they lose so many quarters as to lose their work altogether; neither did their wives sit with folded arms in front of the fire, nor loll about the doorsteps complaining that they could not get anything to do, neither were they in the habit of going weekly to the pawnshop.

The assumption that thriftiness, decent conduct and industry are inseparable from total abstinence, non-smoking, social dulness, and attendance at "the men's Bible Class" is over all the rev. gentleman's creed. When will these shepherds learn the easy lesson of Christian courtesy toward their sheep?

For some time there has been a rumour current that Lord Rosebery intends to close Mentmore, his Buckinghamshire seat. But all the Government organs are agreed that, in his letter on the Budget, he should have said less.

Constitutional absolutism is growing more intolerable in Turkey every day. Greek archbishops are now forbidden to travel in Macedonia, Greek churches are misappropriated by Bulgars, throughout the Empire it is dangerous to whisper so much as a murmur against the new tyranny. The latest exploit of the Young Turks is to hang one journalist for his opinions and send Murad Bey, a distinguished and enlightened writer, to penal servitude for life. Lord Morley, the friend and patron of journalists, ought to intervene. But then he might be twitted with the sentence on Ganesh Damodar Sawarkar, whose writings have entailed imprisonment for life, and confiscation of property. Lord Morley is nothing if not inconsistent.

No further light seems to have been shed on the mysterious antics of the spooks of Wyke. We have not even heard whether the Psychical Research Society have sent down special investigators to collect the local testimony. Possibly the secretary of that spiritualist organisation has decided that spooks who tap on walls, make furniture jump around like things of life, and cast ornaments from the mantelpiece to the floor are too common to justify the expense, even when an undertaker, a butcher, and two or three other persons can be found to state that they saw it done. In this case, however, the spooks also rolled up the hearthrugs and re-laid the carpets, and to this extent it is suggested that Sir Oliver Lodge and his *confrères* would be in the way of laying hold of a novelty. Whatever the attitude of the Society, we do hope that the good folk of Wyke will see to it that the spooks are not altogether lost sight of. Why pay rent, when spooks move furniture so cheaply by night or day?

What exactly the latest "Sham Fight" at Aldershot was supposed to do we are unable to say. We venture to suggest that it was time, energy, and money wasted. If it was intended to impress the Colonial journalists, it seems to have failed, whilst some of the foreign officers are said to have been highly amused. It is matter of common agreement that the "fight" was utterly unlike the real thing: that in real war the infantry would have been wiped out in a quarter of an hour. The umpires had to stop the cavalry on both sides in their wild career—as grotesque a piece of mounted madness as the Charge of the Light Brigade. Not merely "somebody," but most of the somebodies in charge seem to have blundered, unless the idea was merely a spectacular bit of nonsense, in which case Hyde Park on a Saturday afternoon, with assistance from Lord George Sanger, would have suited the occasion just as well.

We should like an explanation of the matter referred to in the following letter:—

> I am taking the liberty of writing to you to expose a mean bit of business on the part of (I believe the name is) the Patriotic Fund that was started in aid of the Crimean veterans. I have a friend whose mother, eighty-two years of age, was the widow of one of these veterans, and who, until the end of 1908, was in receipt of 4s. per week from this particular fund.
>
> Now towards the end of last year she received a letter from them, asking her to apply for her old-age pension and to inform them if she did not obtain it. In due course the pension was applied for and granted. Upon receipt of this information they wrote back and informed the old lady that as she had got this 5s. per week she would be no longer entitled to the 4s. out of the Patriotic Fund. As I am given to understand that this Fund was purely for these veterans and the widows, it would be interesting to know what is to become of this money that has been subscribed from the benevolent public if each recipient is to be treated in this manner.

Perhaps the Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund will enlighten us?

A bank clerk asks us whether bankers have the right to interdict marriage, and whether they do not thereby encourage immorality. We suppose everybody has a right to impose conditions of service, and that our correspondent would be justified in refusing to take on a married gardener or housemaid. But we think it very wrong of bankers to interfere with the natural liberties of their employees, particularly as marriage cannot interfere with clerical duties. Bank clerks ought to organise and resist such tyranny. A strong trade union would soon put an end to the nonsense.

At the close of the English Church pageant an illuminated address was presented to Mr.—Moss! Holy Moses!

Jim Crow tells a good story against himself. The other day he thought he would make a little money at bridge. So he drank nothing stronger than soda-water all day to keep his head as clear as crystal. After a dinner of herbs, he strolled round to his club for a rubber, but no one turned up to play. At last, about midnight, he strolled round to a bar and called for a well-earned brandy-and-soda. "Very sorry, sir," said the barman, "I'm afraid I can't serve you." "Good gracious, why not?" "Well, sir, you see, sir, you've had quite enough, and you're really not sober, sir." Jim's reply is unprintable.

Why don't rich railway companies light up their tunnels with electricity?

THE WEEK'S "CHESTNUT."

He was fishing over in Ireland, and finding that the boatman knew little of what was going on in the world, observed, "Don't you ever read the papers?" "No, sorr—scarcely ever," was the reply. "But I suppose you know that the King won the Derby?" "Yes—I 'av 'erd that;" and then, after a pause, "*what a wonderful horseman he must be.*"

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE HAS ITS EYE ON—

MESSRS. KEIR HARDIE AND CO., WHO ARE FRANTICALLY PAINTING THE CZAR AS THE FIEND INCARNATE

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For stating that "M.A.P." will be more than ever THE MOST POPULAR, MOST WIDELY READ AND BEST-LOVED *personal and social journal that has ever been produced in England,"*
T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing "Grand Meat Tea, commencing with the children at 3.30,"
THE EPWORTH PRIMITIVE METHODIST CIRCUIT
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising "Six young WILD *rabbits, very* TAME,"
MR., MRS., OR MISS NICHOLSON
(of Magdala Road, Nottingham)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that "As the visitors looked back after passing between the two outer lines, they saw in long perspective a vast array of battleships and cruisers stretching as far as the eye could reach, whilst BEYOND *these lines the flotillas of destroyers also came into view,"*
THE DAILY CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that "Major Longstaffe said Lord Brownlow would be compelled to close his park altogether if people stole his PANTS,"
THE SOUTH & NORTH LINCOLNSHIRE NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing that "Children under 12 years of age 9d. may be obtained of any teacher of the Sunday School,"
THE UNITED METHODIST CHURCH
(Newton Abbot)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing "a holiday course to be held at the college during the FIRST TEN WEEKS OF AUGUST,"
THE SCHOOLMASTER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Queen Wilhelmina slept on the drive to church, so she was not shown to the public then; but on the way back the Mistress of the Robes held her up before the carriage window, so that the public could get their first glimpse of the royal baby,"
THE DAILY MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "At the 54th annual fair held at Ingham Norfolk, this week, James Whittleton attended for the 75TH successive year,"
THE MONMOUTHSHIRE EVENING POST
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Messrs. Freeman are selling 194 omnibuses without reserve. They were all purchased with the best of judgment, mostly in Ireland, and are a stud beyond the ordinary for an omnibus proprietor; have courage, are in capital condition, with plenty of size, bone, and weight in them,"
HORSE AND HOUND
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Mr. Ansle William Haughton Thompson, son of Mr. T. W. Thompson, was born August 6th, 1888, at Bangalore, India, and was PREVIOUSLY *educated at the Presidency College, Madras,"*
THE STANDARD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "He thought they probably would be inclined to think that as regards THAT, THAT THAT *was the view* THAT *was most appropriate for this occasion,"*
LORD MORLEY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that "defendant then entered the carriage and KICKED COMPLAINANT BUT MISSED HIM, *kicking one of the passengers on the knee,"*
THE STAFFORDSHIRE SENTINEL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

WHAT THE LORDS WILL DO.

By Horatio Bottomley, M.P.

About the middle of last century there died on the gallows an argumentative gentleman, protesting that his punishment was illegal. His last words were "You *can't* hang me for this"—and then the bolt flew back and his legal objection was for ever overruled. He had been sentenced for sheep stealing, but, as a matter of fact, he had stolen only the wool. In other words, he had been fleecing. I commend this little story to those who say that the House of Lords *can't* reject the Budget.

The Constitutional Aspect.

I have the Bill before me, and this is how it begins:—

> Most Gracious Sovereign,
>
> We, Your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled, towards raising the necessary supplies to defray Your Majesty's public expenses, and making an addition to the public revenue, have freely and voluntarily resolved to give and grant unto Your Majesty the several duties hereinafter mentioned; and do therefore most humbly beseech Your Majesty that it may be enacted, and be it enacted by the King's most Excellent Majesty, *by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal*, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, *and by the authority of the same*, as follows.

By and with the *consent and advice* of the Lords, "and by the authority of the same." That is the form in which the Government, and the Commons, will send the Bill up to "another place." "Consent" surely implies the right of rejection; "advice" surely implies the right of amendment. If these rights cease to be vested in the Lords, why does not the Government take the meaningless words out of the Bill? But is such the case? When did the Second Chamber relinquish its powers? What is the reference to the Act? Nothing short of an Act would be effective. But is there even a resolution? Not that, if there were, it would be binding upon any Parliament which did not pass it. I know that the Commons have passed resolutions claiming the sole voice in matters of finance; and I know that in the King's Speeches His Majesty always thanks the "Gentlemen of the House of Commons" (a phrase involving a subtle limitation) for Supplies. But has the Upper House ever formally recognised the doctrine that its members have no voice in the imposition of the taxes which they are called upon to pay? (Lord Rosebery says that they pay the whole of them—but that was in an after-dinner speech.) Certainly that was not the view of Gladstone. In 1861, he said in the House of Commons:—

> The House of Lords have never given up the power of amendment; and I must say I think they are perfectly right in declining to record against themselves this or any other such limitation of their privileges. Because cases might arise in which, from the illegitimate incorporation of elements not financial into financial measures, it might be perfectly wise and just for the Lords to fall back on an assertion of the whole breadth of their privileges according to the largest view that they have ever taken of them. I believe I am strictly correct in saying that the House of Lords have never abandoned by any corporate and formal Act of their own the right of making amendments in a financial measure sent to them from this House.

Now, what Gladstone did not know about our working Constitution was really not worth learning, and however much it may be argued to-day that the Lords have sometimes acquiesced in the theory of non-interference with Money Bills—as in the case of the Death Duty Budget in 1894—the fact remains that they have the legal right to "consent" to "advise," and to "authorise." As a matter of fact, the very reason given by Lord Salisbury in 1894 knocks the ground from under the feet of those who rely upon his dictum of that year. What did he say?

> It is perfectly obvious that this House, in point of fact, has not for many years interfered by amendment with the finance of the year. The reason why this House cannot do so is that it has not the power of changing the Executive Government; and to reject a Finance Bill and leave the same Executive Government in its place is to create a deadlock from which there is no escape.

The Changed Position.

But just reflect how the whole position has been changed in recent years. Let us take a glance backwards. Two years ago the Lords threw out the Education Bill. They also threw out the Plural Voting Bill. Nobody cared very much about the first measure—the only "education" in it was in its title. It was a Church *v.* Chapel Bill, and everybody, except the bigots, was glad to see the end of it. With the Plural Voting Bill, it was different. That was a measure dealing exclusively with the franchise for the elective chamber, and its rejection by the Lords was an act of gross impertinence. A strong leader would have seized this golden opportunity of a challenge. But dear old "C.B." was already in failing health, and, handicapped by internal Cabinet dissension, he resolved on the policy of "filling the cup"—hinting at all sorts of terrible developments next session. Then came the next session, opened with a Speech from the Throne, in which His Majesty referred to the differences which had arisen between the two Houses and foreshadowed steps to deal with the situation. How well I remember the solemn tones in which the King read these words. I was sitting next to a prominent member of the Labour Party He turned to me and said with a sigh of relief, "They mean business at last." I smiled at his simple faith! and could hardly keep a serious face when some months after we were told that we were to have "'conferences" and confabs with the Upper House, and then we were to re-pass the rejected measure, and if we did so a certain number of times in one session, then the "voice of the people was to prevail." How this end was to be secured, we were never told. The scheme, such as it was, would have had to be embodied in a Bill—which the Lords would have thrown out! My immediate point, however, is that by the action of the Government itself, war, in a way, has been declared. The gauntlet was thrown down. How did the Peers respond? The very next measure of first-class importance introduced by the Government—the Licensing Bill—they kicked ignominiously out. In other words, they said "Come on." And thus Lord Salisbury's difficulty is got over. The "same executive" need no longer be "left in its place"—for it has sought a contest. The situation is wholly changed.

What the Lords will do.

All these things are to-day present to the minds of the Peers, and the question is, what will they do? Our readers know that we have all along predicted a General Election this year. Originally, we placed it in the spring, believing that the Government would shrink from facing the Budget difficulty. Indeed, we had reason to know that it was at one time intended to dish the Tories by inviting *them* to find the money for Old-Age Pensions and the Navy. When the policy was changed, we, without hesitation, placed the Election in the summer—allowing for the second reading of the Finance Bill, and its rejection by the Upper House. Why were we so sure of our ground? The answer is simple. We knew it was to be a penal Budget. Had not the Prime Minister distinctly threatened it, when contemplating the rejection of the Licensing Bill? Had not the Lord Advocate and Mr. Churchill both told us, in plainer words, what was in store? And then the land taxes would have to be added. Hence the predicted dissolution. But we did not think that the agony would be so prolonged. As it is, the crisis must be postponed for another two months. *Then the Budget will be rejected.*

THE WILY WELSH.

BY JIM CROW.

[We desire it to be distinctly understood that we do not identify ourselves with Mr. Crow's views on this or any other question.]

Once upon a time the merchant-princes of Phenicia, noble and stalwart adventurers, came in their golden galleons to colonise Cornwall, importing and imparting all those high qualities which have made Britain great. In process of time, it came to pass that the Cornish, scouring the seas in search of fish and plunder, penetrated Welsh creeks and conquered the present principality. That, at least, is my reading of pre-historic history. It accounts for many things.

LEVANTINES OF THE WEST.

The Cornish did not bring all their good things with them; neither cream, nor junkets, nor maritime arts, nor even the pleasing pilchard. But they imposed their language, their pride of race, much of their Orientalism. Plundering and ravishing, they left their imprint upon the people, which to this day retains hereditary laxity about the marriage tie, and, in features as well as character, still has much in common with the traders of the Levant. Dress up a modern Welshman in flowing robes, transport him to the ghettoes of Tyre or Sidon, and he would easily pass muster for a son of the soil of the Orient. Even in tweeds it is often hard to tell a Welshman from a Greek, Jew, Levantine, or other infidel.

WAS THE DEVIL THE FIRST WELSHMAN?

But time and climate have mellowed his aboriginal rapacity, endowed him with charms, now all his own. In spite of hook nose and olive skin, he is, to all outward seeming, occidental and modern. It is true that he retains the habit of ornate compliment and polite periphrasis, that he excels in all the subtleties of finance, that he is a born lawyer, bookmaker, and commercial agent. But even when he sails most nearly to dishonesty, he never departs from the grand manner. The humblest of his peasants is a fine gentleman. Indeed, I should not be surprised to learn that the Devil was a Welshman—at least, the polite, insinuating devil of grand opera.

ENGAGING LIARS.

Disraeli said that there is no surer index of the character than the voice, and the Welsh soul is admirably reflected in the melodious drawl, the caressing intonation, the soothing sing-song of a son of the Red Dragon. His simplest phrase—be it but "O! thank you," or "Smorning, don't we?"—is an harmonious poem, almost a lullaby. His desire to please is irresistible. Ask him the way and he will grossly underestimate a distance to confer momentary comfort; yet, even when the pious fraud stands revealed, resentment is impossible. His flatteries are gross but convincing, far more convincing than those of the Irishman, because far more subtle. Both, of course, are inveterate leg-pullers, but the Irishman slaps you violently on the back, while the Welshman strokes your fur and forces you to purr.

SHREWDNESS AND SENTIMENT.

Though he sings incessantly of his ancient mountains he is not a typical highlander. He has not the highland strut or the highland fling, merely a revised version of highland mutton. It is true that incessant rains have driven him to drink like a highlander, but he is not a fighter, he does not pick quarrels, he is not given over to boasting. By a strange stoke of genius, he contrives to combine canniness with generosity; he will pick your pocket one day and share the last crust with you the next. Indeed, he is a bundle of contrasts, a hybrid, a sport, a halfway house between the Scot and the Irish. Quite shrewd in business, he is yet full of poetry and romance, he lives in an atmosphere of old-world song.

A PROTESTANT PAGAN.

There is nothing he loves so much as to dress up like a bard and pretend to be a Druid. He will moon about among Pagan monuments and croon Pagan abracadabras. Yet the sight of a cross or a vestment shocks him, he will denounce Rome as the scarlet woman, he will hunt for Jesuits under the bed. While certain ceremonies are in his eyes anathema, he will succumb at once to the wild religious hysteria, which he dubs a revival. Whole villages will sometimes go mad for weeks at the beck of a crazy preacher. Yet the dreary kill-joy attitude of frowsy Nonconformist ministers pervades his daily round, his common task. He is a fanatical Sabbatarian, a Puritan, a Pharisee, a snuffling tither of anise and cummin—in theory; but in practice, he is a free, almost an evil liver: his records of perjury and illegitimacy and drunkenness are well above the average. There may even be some justification for the rhyme about Taffy and the round of beef, although he does naturally prefer his own mutton. At any rate he is an unrepentant poacher and his name has become synonymous with defaulting on the turf.

CONFIDING CONIES.

The fact that a Welsh rabbit has nothing of the rabbit in the composition serves to illustrate the atmosphere of sham which overhangs Wales. With all their personal charm, her people are essentially superficial. To hear them talk, you would imagine them to be fierce, unrelenting demagogues; but in reality their roar is not much more serious than that of the average sucking-dove. One result is that they do not always receive the due reward of their fidelity to Liberal principles. Even their modest demand for the disestablishment of an alien Church has been cynically played with by the Government. No doubt the vastness of the ministerial majority inspires a certain indifference towards the claims of supporters, but the time may not be far distant when every vote will be important, and then the Welsh will not be human if they do not insist upon their rights.

THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION.

THE DELAYED DIPLOMAS

Almost day by day we are receiving communications from companies, either exhibitors at last year's Exhibition at the White City or at the Exhibition now open, making complaints of one kind and another as to their treatment by Mr. Kiralfy. One of the latest of these complaints comes from a famous company, who, in sending us the correspondence, have asked us not to disclose their identity.

This company tells us that the Diplomas for Awards granted in connection with the Franco-British Exhibition have not yet been issued. They are winners of two *Grands Prix*, and since the Exhibition closed they have several times enquired for the Diplomas relating to awards granted, but are still without them. It may be interesting to follow the correspondence.

On January 12th, 1909, they applied for diplomas, and in reply were informed that they were in the hands of Messrs. Spottiswoode, Dixon and Hunting, of 180, Fleet Street, E.C., and would be ready in about a week or so. Correspondence followed, with the result that towards the end of February the company were informed that Messrs. Spottiswoode had nothing whatever to do with the supply of diplomas, as this detail was in the hands of the Exhibition authorities.

On February 22nd, 1909, the company informed the Executive at Shepherd's Bush of the advice they had received from Messrs. Spottiswoode and Co., and enquired when exhibitors would be placed in possession of their diplomas. In reply, they were informed that "owing to some unforeseen artistic difficulties," some little time must elapse before the diplomas were ready for transmission.

Weeks passed, and on March 27, 1909, the company received a circular letter from the Exhibition authorities stating that one diploma would be delivered free of all cost, but other diplomas for awards in additional classes would be charged for at 10s. 6d. extra, payable in advance. On April 7th, the company sent the sum of 10s. 6d. for a second diploma to which they were entitled, but no diploma reached them.

The latest communication from the Exhibition authorities came to hand in the form of a circular letter, dated June 7th last, which reads:—

> The diplomas in connection with the above are now printed, and the work of classification and inscription is now proceeding. The diplomas will be dispatched with the least possible delay.

A fortnight had elapsed when the Managing Director of the company sent the correspondence to us, and they are still without the diplomas, one of which they paid for more than two months since.

What is Your Number?

See page iii. of cover.

BRITISH TRADITIONS GOING CHEAPER.

BY GUSTAV PEARLSON.

[*The following is representative of many replies we have received to the recent article by Mr. George Macdonald, on "British Citizenship Going Cheap."*]

I have read Mr. George Macdonald's luminous article, "British Citizenship Going Cheap," and feel disposed to resent one or two of the statements, from which your readers are likely to obtain a distorted and partisan view, as reprehensible in its parochial narrowness and intolerance as in its absolute repudiation of the best principles of honour and asylum associated with England and her hand to the needy and unhappy. The fulminations are not entirely against *my* people, though I shall deal only with *them*. Others falling under the displeasure of the writer will perhaps defend themselves.

Removed from a deal and very cheap description of satire, which means nothing, but indicates to the poorest observer a coarse and unjust anti-semitic bias, the article says nothing original. Of course its tone will elicit admiration from those kerbstone-homiletists who have settled on as true that which they would like to be true. On the other hand, the tolerant and open-minded will be annoyed by such a mode of obviously unfair and undignified attempt *ad captandum vulgus*.

I will pass by a cheap skit on the "unwashed" and "shabby" with a hint to our author to take a walk round Rotherhithe, Bermondsey, and other most conservative foreigner-hating and exceedingly British neighbourhoods: he will soon convince himself that the foreigner has not the monopoly of dirt, foul-mouthed ruffianism, and smut any more than the "gin and garlic" which so wounds our friend's delicate and susceptible olfactory organism. Noses with suggestive colouring, the educated classes on the Continent usually associate with the countrymen of Pitt, whose hardened topers and "three-bottle men" who held it like "gentlemen," were the pride of his contemporaries. I think the bitterest anti-semite living will admit that our friend is carried away by his zeal in suggesting lack of sobriety to the foreigner. We are in a very glassy house indeed.

Has our friend read Curran on the rights of Asylum? Does he know, when speaking of the "big fat Russian" women down Whitechapel, that Titian once said, "I have spent my life looking for a perfect face; I found it after an endless search in the Jew's ghetto in Prague"? That Mr. M. obviously dislikes anything so un-British as a woman from Russia does not render her equally unattractive in the eyes of everybody. His point of view may be artistically defective, even crude and uncultured. The mere fact of our people wishing to be naturalised is proof positive of their sincere desire to assume their share of responsibility as well as privilege of Empire. *Re* their being entitled to old-age pensions and sharing the heritage of the children of Wapping, as if they had a right to, I do not think the frugality and thrift of the Jew will let him forget his ancestral pride, however mean he may be. Statistics will show that the Jewish Board of Guardians always relieves the Poor Law authorities of their responsibilities in that direction, even where the recipient has been a law-abiding ratepayer for half a century. Blood pride makes them forego what they are morally entitled to, hence they are not very likely to ask for what they are legally and *not* morally entitled to. I thought these foreign invasion "perils" were falling out of date, except at bye-elections, and people were beginning to realise that they were remarkably like other people when they were decent, and like the scamps of other communities when they were not. I don't think many Jews have claimed the warship protection their £5 10s. entitles them to. As to their subversive opinions, they are too obstinately conservative to aid the good, kind friends who try to help them to emancipation from a bigotry, moral and social, that is an after-shriek from the middle ages.

They have played their part in the building of the Empire. They have pioneered the ready-made clothing, mantle, waterproof, cigar-making and many other industries. They have helped to open out with their enterprise and capital British colonies in every part of the world. When the man with the axe and the spade was wanted in the Canadian backwood, the Australian bush, the American prairie, they were there, hewing and digging and ploughing; not lending money, and wanting it back.

They have fallen at the side of their British comrades in England's battles, and on her ships. They have graced her courts, her colleges, and councils with distinction; they have been the friends of her monarchs.

I don't think they will assume the name of McGregor, because it is guttural. The only man of that name I ever met was in Paris; he was as meanly cringing and willingly anxious to stand spitting at for twopence as the very worst alien I ever met—even in a Ghetto. My friend, in his last paragraph, now proposes to speak soberly; I have done so from my first. He imagines his Titanic satire has stood for argument.

We are all aliens here—some of older, others of more recent, standing. The Huguenots were aliens in Spitalfields, but they taught their masters some things, those "bally" foreigners. Yes! stop the alien! But with the poor and miserable one, his more successful brother—everyone with an alien taint—all not of pure Celtic stock. You will be amazed what a phalanx of scholars, scientists, specialists, artists, philanthropists, men of the world, useful and indispensable members of society, go with them. Half the commerce of London would be paralysed. The result of my personal experience is that it is generally the loosest characters who complain most freely of the moral defections of the alien; those who are most afraid of finding work are usually the ones whose bread the alien takes out of their mouths. Another alien assailer is the "alloy" Englishman of foreign, if remotely so, descent. Those who are half and-half, neither one thing nor another. Pothouse politics do not voice the trend of intelligent opinion. England asks every man who will share her responsibilities—who will be a man—to take part in the expansion of her great Empire. She wants vigorous aggressive battle types to join her, wherever they are born, rather than depend on effete types and a worn-out fiction of a nobility, the members of which often lack the sense and brain to earn the very bread they eat if put to it.

The sturdiness of the British character is the result of the blending of many strands. The Dane and Pict and Scot and Saxon and Norman and Norseman—we are all aliens, all of us, right down to the poor human thing, still our brother, battered out of all semblance of the human image by Holy Christian Russia, that even our Macdonalds may ask, "Are not these human derelicts worthy of according the hand of brotherhood, even without £5 10s.?"

I am an Englishman. I am not a Christian; that is a question of religion; I am an Englishman, because that is a question of nationality and birth. I was born here, went to school here, was taught no other language and literature, had no other friends, imbibed no other influences, never quitted its soil till five years ago. Am I an alien?

THE WORKER'S WIFE.

She's worried by knocks at the door, and continual pealing of bells,
And the maddening din of the hawkers, who poison the air with their yells.
She copes with the butcher and baker, who call every day with accounts,
And ask her, in language that's horrid, to pay the respective amounts.
She's worried by Tommy and Bertie, by Harry and Sammy and Fred,
Who would rather not work at a trade, and prefer far to linger in bed.
She's worried by rises in prices of bacon and butter and coal,
And the trouble in borrowing sixpence from even a generous soul.
She's worried by children that howl and babies that fall on the floor,
And by lodgers who suddenly vanish and do not return any more.
She's worried by touts and their tales of insurance and sewing machines,
By rent and by rates and by taxes, and cooking potatoes and beans.
Her life is all worry, and scurry, and flurry, and bustle, and fight,
Scouring, and scrubbing, and sewing from Monday to Saturday night;
Till at last her "old man" re-appears, and hands her out "one of the best,"
And then she sits down in the parlour to snatch a few minutes of rest.

A. J. H.

A MATRIMONIAL MEMORANDUM.

BY SYDNEY E. ENGLEMAN.

According to the *Daily Telegraph*, it has been suggested in America that the only way to preserve intact the matrimonial bond will be to have a definite agreement drawn up between the husband and wife, stating clearly the duties and liabilities of each towards the other. With the betterment of humanity ever in view we take Time by the forelock (an impertinence for which precedent is our only justification) and submit for the use of future generations a draft of such an agreement.

MEMORANDUM OF AGREEMENT made the day of 19 BETWEEN A. B. of (hereinafter called "the husband") of the one part and C. D. of (hereinafter called "the wife") of the other part WHEREBY it is mutually agreed between the parties hereto as follows:—

1. That the husband and wife hereby mutually covenant and agree to become and be partners in the business of a married couple as and from the day of 19 for the term of twenty years and thereafter from year to year until either party shall give to the other six calendar months' notice determining the partnership.

2. The capital of the firm shall be £ which shall be provided as to £ by the husband, as to £ by the father of the wife and as to £ the balance thereof by the wedding presents which the partners hope and expect their friends will see fit to send (the smallest contributions being thankfully received).

3. The name and style of the firm shall be Mr. and Mrs. A. B.

4. Each of the parties shall devote his or her whole time and attention to the business of the partnership and shall not either directly or indirectly be engaged in any other business of the same or a similar nature. They shall be faithful to each other in all things and render a true account at all times to each other of the business and affairs of the partnership.

5. With the exception of the children who may be lent to their aunts for a holiday neither partner shall without consent of the other lend any of the assets of the partnership to any person without the consent of the other.

6. The wife shall engage and dismiss all such servants as the business of the partnership shall require but it shall be the duty of the husband to pay the wages of all such persons, but he shall not swear at the cook.

7. The husband hereby covenants:—
   (*a*) To take the wife out whenever he has nothing else to do.
   (*b*) To pay all the expenses of the partnership out of his earnings or other sources of income (including the money borrowed from his friends).
   (*c*) Not to grumble more than twice a week and not to slam the doors except when there is cold mutton for dinner.
   (*d*) Not to be detained in the City at any time on any provocation or untruth.
   (*e*) To do the straight thing by the wife always.
   (*f*) Not to be too severe concerning the wife's relations.

8. The wife hereby covenants:—
   (*a*) Not to want a vote.
   (*b*) To make the house as cosy as possible.
   (*c*) To make herself look as attractive as possible at all times and at as little expense as possible.
   (*d*) To do all things necessary to make the partnership a success, including the provision of such number of children as the husband may desire.

9. Proper books of accounts shall be kept and a balance sheet prepared annually on the day of and the husband shall defray any amounts found to be due and outstanding after taking credit for all unexpended housekeeping money which may be in hand.

10. Any matters in dispute between the partners shall be referred to arbitration according to the provisions of the Arbitration Act, 1889.

IN WITNESS, &c.

TEETH EXTRACTED FREE

At Lady Blount's Medical Aid Society, Ltd., 9, Newman Street, Oxford St., W., daily, 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. With gas 2s. Best teeth supplied at Hospital Prices (payable by weekly instalments of 1s. if desired). Call or write for letter to the secretary, Miss M. Herring.

THIRD-CLASS PASSENGERS TO AUSTRALIA.

HOW THE ORIENT STEAMSHIP COMPANY TREATS THEM.

In a recent issue, allusion was made in these columns to the way in which leading German steamship companies are improving their third-class accommodation, and it was suggested that in this, as in other directions, Great Britain has lost, or is losing, initiative. To this observation, Messrs. Anderson, Anderson and Co., the managing owners of the Orient Line, which carries more third-class passengers to Australia than any other, took courteous exception, and they invited us to send a representative to go over one of their ships and judge for himself as to how their third-class passengers are treated. We were happy to accept this invitation, and, accordingly, our representative inspected the *Orsova*, one of the five magnificent vessels that are now being added to the company's fleet.

Our representative came away from the vessel with the conviction that if generous treatment in transit can quicken—as it surely will when it becomes known—emigration to Australia, the number of emigrants to the island continent will soon show appreciable increase. On board the *Orsova* the comfort of the third-class passenger is secured in every conceivable way. There is not even a trace of the horrors that used to be associated with the steerage passage. The bunks are clean and airy, and the bedding excellent. The dining saloon is sufficiently large to give ample room to all, the quality of the food is not inferior to that provided for the first-class passenger, and there is no stint. The kitchen arrangements leave nothing to be desired. There is a spacious sitting-room, with an excellent Broadwood piano, and all sorts of games from chess downwards, whilst for those who prefer reading, there is a good library, and a capital smoking-room. In the old days the third-class passenger was cooped up like a sheep in a pen. When he sought the deck to get a breath of fresh air, he found it difficult to find room to stretch his legs, and he could not pass abaft the funnel. In the *Orsova*, he has a deck extending the whole length of the vessel, and below there is quite a large space reserved for the kiddies. He can get his washing done by the laundry, or if he wishes to save the expense there are facilities for his doing it himself. The doctor is always available in case of sickness, and there are special cabins allotted to those who may be ill. The passage to Melbourne takes six weeks, and the third-class fare is £17. It is astonishing how such accommodation can be given for the money.

WEDDED.

IN TWO PHASES.

I.—PROPHETIC.

Ah, thou art mine, dearest! Come with me, darling one,
  Over the seas whither Summer hath flown;
There, where the orange groves, eager to welcome us,
  Blossom so fragrantly, let us begone!

I will protect thee and guard thee so tenderly,
  Over thy heaven no clouds shall there be.
All I desire is to be with thee alway, dear,
  Reading the love in thine eyes, lit for me.

Never a husband's love equal to mine shall be;
  Mine is a passion that never can wane!
Thy slightest wish shall be satisfied cheerily,
  Never a word shall be uttered in vain.

* * *

II.—REALISTIC.

Mary, I say! Is the dinner not ready yet?
  What is the use of me waiting for grub?
If I can't have it at home when I ask for it,
  Jolly well get it, I will, at the club.

Tired! Well, perhaps you are! Don't you think I am, too,
  Hearing your grievances day after day?
Other men don't treat their wives like me? Very true!
  Other men haven't such wives, let me say!

No, I can't stop at home—going to play billiards,
  Promised old Johnson to join them at pool.
Promised you *what* when I married you? P'r'aps I did—
  Ev'ry young bridegroom's a bit of a fool!

"IN THE AIR."

NOTES ON AVIATION.

By W. PARKER.

Aviation "Prizes."

In spite of my best efforts, I have been unable to keep count of the various "prizes" that now exist abroad, particularly in France, for aeroplane performances. They are for speed, for height, for distance—for anything, in fact. Eighteen months ago they could be counted on the fingers of one hand, and now Briarius himself could scarcely manage the feat. Dozens of minor prizes donated by men with small banking accounts but big ambitions remain to be won. Naturally at this stage they will all fall more or less into the same few hands and in any case they can do little good except to advertise the names of the givers There is no law to prevent Messrs. Smith, Jones, or Robinson offering to all and sundry "A Cup, value Five Pounds," to the first aviator who flies over the dome of St. Paul's, for instance, or a silver medal for the first Briton who circles three times round the Bank of England and lands on the steps of the Royal Exchange. No law except that of common sense, but that is luckily sufficient to save us from the anomalies of the prize-giving mania. Let us by all means have our big prizes, and we have a few already, but all this "presenting" of miserable meticulous little donations by people whose names should have more fitly remained in decent and self-respecting obscurity is certain to do harm to the cause of aviation rather than good. Life is too short for a "prize" of twenty pounds or so with the donor's name attached, in perpetuity. If we are to risk our necks let us do it for the honour and glory rather than such extremely petty pelf. Let us preserve the amateur spirit as long as we can.

An Ambitious Programme.

Rheims' Week, August 22nd to 29th, has got out its programme, and an ambitious one it is with local prizes to the value of £6,000 and the International Gordon-Bennett Cup, for which there will be a French eliminating race on Sunday, the first day of the meeting. This is going ahead with a vengeance. Eliminations at this stage of the game seem premature. One would have thought the real difficulty would be to get the entries, but they have materialised well. This will be by far the most important aero meet of the year, and the Gordon Bennett Cup will ensure a large attendance from England and America. The Cup is for the fastest time over 20 kilometres, and is worth £500, to which £1,000 in cash is added, and each country can put a maximum team of three in the field. The flying ground is about ten kilometres round, and perfectly flat. With £8,000 in all to win, and plenty of entries, it is to be hoped that better luck will attend this meeting than that recently at Juvisy. At any rate, the public will be better educated to understand the real difficulties and act tolerantly when disappointments occur. A good deal will depend on a successful week at Rheims as to whether we shall take up the question of similar shows in England.

"Let me introduce Mr. ——."

The idea of forming a sort of exchange bureau which will bring inventors and all other interested persons, including capitalists, together for their mutual benefit is a sound one if it can be well and discreetly managed. The difficulty will be to get anyone in these Lloyd George ridden times to announce himself a capitalist at all. One can imagine the rush likely to be made should Andrew Carnegie, for instance, announce himself willing to look into the merits of all the inventions "better than the Wrights" which are festering in the brains of inventors of the poor, but honest, type. *Flight's* notion is a good one, but it will need a capable and worldly-wise administration or it will bring about complications it is impossible to foresee. However, pessimism is the worst quality with which aviators can be cursed, and to leave the small inventor who has any real mechanical knowledge to tread the thorny path to a commercial realisation of his idea without any help save what he can get for himself in a sceptical world would be a real pity, and probably result in the loss of many valuable improvements. The laws of dynamic flight are pretty well defined by now, however, and some of the wild schemes one sees are bound to die a sudden and violent death when brought into touch with the hard facts which are growing more clear every day as to our limitations in the air. Such a bureau might assist in judiciously chloroforming some of these and perform a useful task in "clearing the air" somewhat.

LONDON FIRE BRIGADE COMMAND.

What say our readers to this letter, which is typical of many which have reached us?

Is it too late for you to draw attention to the action of the strange body of quidnuncs and "hoddie-doddies" called the General Purposes Committee of the L.C.C.? Once again it is proposed to appoint a naval officer with a fancy name and no experience to the immensely important position of fire chief, and to pass over the one man ideally qualified for the position, with the reputation of being the finest fire-fighter in the world, from long experience, uniformly brilliant performance, and technical ability. Surely these funny little men seem obsessed with the spirit of "Mary Ann"—a naval title and a smart uniform make them lose their heads. They put forward as an excuse that a body of 1,300 men, mostly ex-sailors, require a naval or military man to lead them. But how about the police? Does not a civilian command 20,000 of them? and are the great fire departments of New York, Chicago, Boston, etc., commanded by naval and military men? No, by experienced firemen.

Assuredly the object-lessons of the Cripplegate and Barbican disasters, mishandled by an inexperienced naval officer, have been lost on these people. But are they lost on the business men among your readers, who groan under the heavy "loading" on the insurance rates in the City, put on by the companies to cover their losses thereat? If not, let your readers who are affected memorialise their local councillors before it is too late.

In the Second Officer, Mr. S. G. Gamble, London possesses the foremost fire fighter in the world. Seventeen years' splendid record in London, a similar number in Leeds and Grantham, exceptional technical qualifications as surveyor and engineer, a wide knowledge of European and American practice, all thrown away because he hasn't a naval or military title or a fancy name!!

Do not we want a "business" L.C.C. as well as a "business" Government?

OLD MOORE'S BAD GUESS.

A SERIES OF PREDICTIONS WHICH DID NOT COME OFF.

One of our readers, who took a keen interest in the case of *Rex v. Bottomley* and others, and who was greatly concerned, during its progress, for the fate of our Editor, has now disclosed the reason for his anxiety. It appears that his wife had procured a copy of "Old Moore's Almanack" for 1909, and under the month of April had read, "Disgrace and death to a prominent financier." Then, in May, "The passing away of a popular and well-managed literary production," and "Two London elections for Parliament"; and then, after a lull in June, July was to bring "In London a large printing and publishing establishment involved in disaster." Of course, we are only just into July—but our printers and publishers are, according to all reports, doing better than ever; whilst, as to ourselves and our paper, we are quite well, thank you. Old Moore must guess again.

BIRTHDAYS OF THE WEEK.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREETINGS.

July 5th. VICE-ADMIRAL SIR HEDWORTH LAMBTON.
Praise the sea, but keep on land.—*Proverb.*

July 5th. MR. W. T. STEAD.
I can call spirits from the vasty deep.—*Shakespeare.*

July 6th. RT. HON. REGINALD MCKENNA.
Stick close to your desks, and never go to sea,
And you all may be rulers of the King's navee.
—*W. S. Gilbert.*

July 8th. MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.
Happy Returns of the Day—and God bless you.
—*John Bull.*

There is room for me
on the top of this Chimney
to defy any Competition
and I proclaim that

Black Cat
MEDIUM
Cigarettes 1904 Crop.

at

10 for 2½d

Are the best Medium Cigarettes that can be produced by anyone at this popular price. Therefore do not pay 3d. for any Medium Cigarettes.

Black Cat Mild (1904 Crop)
Cigarettes (a milder, larger and heavier weight Cigarette than the Medium),
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None better at any price.
Then why pay 3½d.
for any Mild Cigarettes?

Of all Tobacconists, or from CARRERAS, LTD.,
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B.B.

HOW HE WON PROMOTION.

There was a barrier in the way, the opportunity for promotion was there, and after many years of faithful service he knew that his employers were now looking to him to fill the important and responsible position that was shortly to become vacant; but he was conscious of his own weakness, and of his inability to endure the added strain that would come with his new duties, and failure might mean that he would be called upon to resign his position; no, he would not take the risk, but would be content with the smaller salary he was getting. A few days after this decision he was called into his employers' office. He had always been a favourite, and his work had always been done conscientiously, so they were glad of the opportunity for showing him some further appreciation; they offered him the position; he felt the awkwardness of refusing, and, fortunately, just before doing so he remembered having read that anyone can increase their strength, both physical and mental, and obtain magnificent health by taking a course of the "Rebounder System," and instantly he decided that he would do this. He asked his employers to postpone his promotion for six months, to which they agreed, then applying to Mr. Jonathan Nicholson, Physical Culture Instructor, of 22 Budge Row, London, E.C., he commenced a six months' postal course, carefully carrying out the full instructions, and devoting about ten minutes every morning and evening to building up his strength and health. The results were astounding, and all his friends soon commenced to remark upon his altered appearance, for not only his health improved, but whereas before, he was round-shouldered, and had a worried countenance, he now walked erect, and he had grown taller, his Will Power had increased, and he always looked bright and cheerful. At the end of six months he felt quite ready and anxious to take the command, and he now holds the position and discharges his duties to the full satisfaction, and even admiration, of his employers. Mr. Nicholson sends free his book explaining his system, which is suitable for Ladies as well as Gents, also his list of References, also of his postal course, and every reader should drop him a postcard asking for same, it is something worth knowing about.

STAGE ACTION.

By Louis Francis.

I once knew a man who gave lessons in stage gesture and deportment. Apart from a few minor excrescences his figure was precisely that of a pumpkin. From what I have seen of stage deportment, and I have seen a good deal, I should think he was an ideal exponent of the art.

It is very obvious to those who have studied stage antics that there are certain recognised conventional actions that must have been acquired from some common source, much in the same way that raw recruits are initiated into the ungainly mysteries of the goose-step. There is, however, one class of gestures that may be called primitive or instinctive. These are probably the result of unaided mental effort. For example, the sentimental singer of the music-hall stage who is hoarsely and inharmoniously warbling of "Two sweet pink eyes" will display a couple of his digits each time he comes to the word "two," and direct them at his optics at the word "eyes." This removes from the minds of the audience any possible shadow of doubt as to the exact number and location of the eyes in question.

It is also absolutely imperative that the word "heart" should never be said or sung without the placing of the hand on some part of the anatomy lying between waist and neck. Anywhere between these boundaries will answer the purpose, as the exact physiological location of the organ in question is not expected. Again, any actor would forfeit his reputation for ever who dared to announce, "Ha, ha! I hear the heavy roar of guns!" without making an ear-trumpet of his hand, and leaning well over towards the wings a couple of feet away, where the shilling super is cannonading by dropping a weight on an empty box. I don't believe the actor ever breathed who could refer to the stars above without pointing up to the sky flaps, or mention the moon without an impassioned arm-stretch in the direction of the limelight man. A knowledge of such actions as these is expected as a matter of course for every actor without the necessity of undergoing a long and expensive course of training for their acquisition. These movements may be classed, in fact, as absurdly simple.

It is equally correct to class them as simply absurd.

On the other hand there are examples of stage action that bear evidence of profound thought and originality. They can only have been devised after deep and prolonged mental struggle on the part of those who evolved them. I will give an instance that came under my own notice. I know it will be received with incredulity, but I can only solemnly assert that I actually witnessed it. The scene was a hunt breakfast. The characters comprised a varied assortment of modern Nimrods and Dianas in approved (stage) hunting costumes. One of the Nimrods sang the pathetic story of a gee-gee of his that broke its back in negotiating a No. 9 fence. None of the others was supposed to have heard this tear-compelling story before, but they all accompanied it with appropriate (?) gestures, doing exactly the same thing at exactly the same moment. To represent the horse each took one of the massive dining-room chairs and turned it down on its front legs, so that the back of the chair represented the equine spine. It was most impressive. I wept all over my programme. At last there rang out some such words as these—

"But the gee-gee never spoke,
For his poor old back was broke!"

Whereupon—believe me or believe me not—each one gave an upward hitch to the chair backs, and I saw through my tears that all the said chair backs had been sawn through and hinged, so that they made an uncomfortable angle indicating the dislocated vertebræ of the faithful but unfortunate old 'oss.

Now I come to think of it I rather expect that there must exist some standard text-book on stage action. In no other way can I account for the similarity of gesture in similar characters and circumstances. Suppose there is such a book, and that it contains such a paragraph as this:—Old uncle from country. (For make-up see page 987.) Walk with very short steps, feet wide apart, toes well out; mop forehead constantly with big red handkerchief; hold cigar in corner of mouth and cock at angle (fig. 376); sit on very edge of chair, feet as in diagram 504; slap knees frequently; thump other characters on back as often as possible; bring fist down heavily on table whenever word "damn" occurs in book (if word does not occur, insert it); trip up frequently over rugs, hassocks, etc.; choke when eating or drinking. (See also business under characters on pages 1083 and 2069.)

Suppose, I repeat, there is a book of whose contents such a paragraph is a sample, would it not account for a great deal? Would it not explain all the old uncles from the country we have ever seen on the stage? Would it not account also for every single action and gesture of all the wicked villains; the heroines in the snow; the relentless fathers; the opportune policemen; the baffled adventurers? Consider a case. Here is the heroine, in black clothes and a garret. Here is the villain with his Cullinan scarf-pin and massive roll of bank-notes. The heroine has to remark, "Base, false-hearted cur that you are" (meaning, of course, the discomfited villain), "do you dare thus to tempt me with your filthy gold to part with my child? There is the door. Begone!" Now, I wish to ask whether there is a single theatre-goer who does not know to a nicety what would be the precise attitude of the heroine as she fired that word "Begone!" And we can see every action of the villain as he goes. Give these words to a hundred miscellaneous actresses caught at random, and their gestures and poses will be to all intents and purposes identical. Why is it? They cannot all have taken lessons in stage deportment from the same Mr. Turveydrop. There *must* be a book.

No one who knows would contend for a moment that this similarity in stage action arises from the fact that the actors and actresses "hold, as 'twere, a mirror up to Nature," and therefore reproduce the characteristic movements of persons in real life. Perish the thought. A man who carried on in private life like an actor on the stage would be safely bestowed in the county asylum in next to no time. If a real crowd behaved like a stage crowd it would provide justification for reading the Riot Act and calling out troops with ball cartridge, fixed bayonets and machine guns.

And talking about stage crowds I should say the very climax of ridiculous and grotesque action and gesture is that displayed by the chorus in opera—grand and otherwise. I can honestly say that I have never heard a single operatic chorus that finished on a high note (and most choruses do that), but what every man Jack and woman Jill in the mob flung up his or her hand on the last note, and stood there like a collection of second-hand waxwork Ajaxes and Boadiceas. Even if it is a drinking chorus, during which the revellers have held the pasteboard goblets in their hands at all sorts of liquor-wasting angles, up will go their arms on the last note—goblets and all. I often think that, if this sort of thing really prevailed, mediæval roof-trees must have been constantly dripping with alcoholic miscellanies.

On the whole I consider stage action one of the funniest things to be seen in this vale of tears. Yet the average man accepts it in all seriousness and solemnity. He does not realise that the actors and actresses who play their stage action on him obviously credit him with a degree of intelligence considerably inferior to that of a china dog. Otherwise he would furiously resent the whole thing. As it is he applauds it. Wherefore the average man is inferior to the china dog. Q.E.D.

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ENLARGEMENT
OF
M.A.P.
With This Week's Number.

MY READERS WILL REMEMBER that when I resumed the editorship of "M. A. P." some months ago I promised to introduce several new features. These changes required some time to carry out, and it is only now that I am able to announce that the changes have been completed, and that "M. A. P." will appear this week with MANY NEW AND ATTRACTIVE FEATURES.

The number of pages will be increased to thirty-two and I am introducing quite new factors. Fiction is now a leading and indeed the most popular feature in journalism. Every paper has to have it; from the biggest morning paper to the smallest weekly.

I have been lucky in my choice of the first serial story that is to appear in the new and enlarged paper. No writer of the younger generation has jumped more rapidly into universal acceptance and popularity than Mr. W. J. Locke. His delightful stories—original, rapid in movement, acute in observation, and clear cut in portrait-painting—have become household words in thousands of homes; and the stage, through the adaptation of his stories, has made his chief creations almost living and real acquaintances of every theatre-goer.

"SIMON THE JESTER," the story of Mr. Locke, which I have been lucky enough to secure, is not—as its name might suggest—a mediæval story. It is a story of actual modern life. Its central figure is one of the most attractive and appealing of the many delightful female figures Mr. Locke's imagination has created: wistful, wayward, misunderstood, and finally revealing herself in all the beauty of her sweetness and truth. The other figure is a strong picture of an unselfish man's love; indeed the love interest is the mainspring of the story; and it is a worthy love in both the man and the woman. The scene shifts itself rapidly, now it is in the hard streets of London, now on the sunny shore of Algiers, and it ranges over all the wide circle of life represented by such contrasted spheres as the floor of the House of Commons and the variety stage.

The new "M. A. P." will be more than ever the most popular, most widely-read and best-loved personal and social journal that has ever been produced in England.

Lt. Shackleton will contribute to this number and tell the story of the days of his youth.

T. P. O'CONNOR.

Get the New "M. A. P." Out TO-DAY.

THE BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY.

THE REPLY TO OUR QUESTIONS.

In a recent issue we commented upon the report and accounts of this Society, and asked certain questions to which we invited replies. We have now had the opportunity of going further into the matter

As regards the assets of the Society—standing in the last balance-sheet at £12,253,000—it is pointed out that very full details of these are given in the balance-sheet.

With reference to the question of auditors, it is pointed out to us that the rules require that they should be members of the Society, and that Mr. T. M. Scott, who is now associated with Mr. G. L. Kennaby as auditor, was previously in the employ of Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths and Co., and is a qualified accountant; whilst, in addition to the certificate of these gentlemen, a separate one is given by Messrs. Deloitte's firm as to the correctness of the cash balances and the existence and custody of the investments.

In regard to the proceedings at the recent meeting of shareholders, we are assured that the only agitation came from a very small clique, holding one share each and represented by a Mr. Moore, who had purchased one share to entitle him to attend the meetings—Mr. Moore being the accountant of Mr. Leggatt to whom we refer below. The report and balance-sheet were adopted unanimously by the meeting.

We are further assured that the question of the retirement of certain directors—viz., Messrs. Runtz and Leggatt—was not discussed at the recent meeting. The facts in regard to these gentlemen, however, would appear to be that, upon the death of the late chairman, Mr. George Grosvenor, Mr. Ernest Runtz was appointed chairman, and also trustee, but that, upon his requiring special remuneration and the other authorities of the Society not agreeing to the proposal, he resigned the chairmanship, but did not give up either the trustee- or directorship. Considerable friction, however, existed between him and other members of the board, and when, subsequently, Mr. W. Leggatt, who had been acting as joint-solicitor with Mr. Rubinstein, was given to understand that his retirement was desired, it appears that Messrs. Runtz and Leggatt joined hands, with the result that certain litigation ensued. The Society's contentions were upheld in Court, and consequent thereon all matters in dispute were settled on certain terms, one of the terms being that Messrs. Runtz and Leggatt should retire from the Board.

We are further assured that in the balance-sheet of 1908 a large sum was written off the investments for depreciation, and that this accounts for the disappearance of the note which used to appear on the balance-sheet in reference to any depreciation shown in the securities.

As regards the enquiry as to whether at the 1908 meeting several shareholders moved the appointment of a committee, we are assured that the directors offered to accept any two members to represent Mr. Runtz on the proposed committee, provided they held not less than two shares each, and that no such members were nominated.

We have had the benefit of going through various items in the accounts with the Society's accountant, and are glad to be able to adhere to our oft-reiterated opinion that the Society is thoroughly sound, and offers one of the very best available sources of investment to the thrifty middle-class.

"THE DUCHESS OF MILAN."

A REFLECTION.

BY F. A. KRIEGER.

I thought I had probed humanity to its depths, that mankind was an open book to me, with all its little foibles, its naive little virtues, its stupid little vices. Alas! I stand revealed to myself, an appalling, hopeless ignoramus. The awakening was as cruel as it was sudden. Seventy-two thousand pounds sterling for a canvas strip, a daub so unblushing in its inartistic hideousness, so shameless in its brutal flaunting of the sacred name of art, that one stands aghast. It is a subject too painful for lengthy contemplation. I could speak of starving, shivering wretches, who in their mournful thousands could be lifted from the depths of a heartbreaking poverty to decency and usefulness; of invalids lying on their backs, patiently waiting for their saviour—Death; invalids to whom a single little flower is ecstasy.

Seventy-two thousands pounds!

I had steadfastly scoffed at the idea that England was going to the dogs; and now——

"... and I find that the Smoking of

Chairman

teaches a philosophy that is well worth knowing.

Its fine qualities have a pleasing and soothing effect, minimising the litt'e troubles and difficulties of life. It never obtrudes and it never palls, but week in and week out always is the one tobacco that gives to most men the greatest pleasure in smoking—a pleasure which only the right tobacco for their palate can give.

It is cool—always cool—and burns evenly to the last shred with a rich and p easing aroma. ..."

Boardman's

is the same tobacco milder, and

Recorder

the same, but fuller flavoured.

Most tobacconists sell them at 6d. per oz. in 1 oz. and 2 oz. packets, and ¼ and ½ lb. tins.

R. J. LEA, Manchester.

Y4.

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS.

By WALTER MOORE.

V.—THE KAISER WILLIAM.

How should I approach the august presence of the potential Dictator of Europe? I asked myself the question, and paused for a reply. Folly whispered, "Disguise yourself as a German sausage." That is the *wurst* of a constitutional leaning towards the absurd. "Practice the Kow-tow and appear in the garb of a Chinese prince," was the next thought that crept into my mind. But habitual prudence and a proper sense of the fitness of things prevailed. I decided to adopt the semblance of an officer in the British Army. How could I more easily creep into the confidence of the German Emperor?

Making my way to Potsdam, I crawled into the awful presence of the Kaiser.

"Hoch!" he roared, lifting his mailed fist in greeting.

"I don't mind if I do," I replied; "sparkling, for choice. There's a lot of dust in the air between Germany and England. It has given me a proper thirst for hock."

"You mistag me," said His Majesty, hastily; "I did nod say 'hog.' I said 'hoch!'"

"I beg yours," I returned, with due humility; "*Können sie Deutsch sprechen?*"

"Ja!" responded the Kaiser.

"Boo!" I replied, bowing. Whereupon the Emperor was gracious enough to extend his hand, which I grasped warmly, and forthwith proceeded to ask a few questions of public interest.

"I have called to interview you on behalf of the only section of the British people worth considering—the readers of JOHN BULL. I have no connection with the *Daily Telegraph*. You may speak to me without reserve."

"I speag to everybody midout reserve," said the Kaiser emphatically. "I dread nought."

"That reminds me," I proceeded. "What's all this fuss about your naval programme? Why have you decided to build a big fleet?"

"What I mean ish dis," began the Kaiser, brushing the end of his off-side moustache out of his eye; "you Breetish beoble fancy ve are building againsd you. Ve are nod! Ve are simpbly brebaring for der European armageddon, vheech must gome. Europe ish arming for der gr-r-reat convlict vheech vill convulse der vorld, und decide vheech bower shall hold der subremacy during der resd of der twentieth century. Shermany, hemmed in by France on der one hand und by Russia on der udder, runs der risk off being badly squeezed in der—vhat you call?—der shemozzle. Ja! Vhat? Darefore, she vill build *Dreadnoughts* as an additional bregaution."

"So you have no definite designs against England?"

"Zerdainly nod!" was the emphatic reply. "Off gourse, ve mighd find it expedient to invade you ad some future dade; bud you can rely ubon our doing id ass gendly und gonsiderately ass bossible. Der time ish goming vhen all der Gondinental bowers vill find demselfs in der melding bot off var! Den, self-breservation mighd gombel Shermany to seize der Breetish Isles. Ja!"

"But the same consideration might compel the British Isles to resist," I hazarded.

"Dat vos so," admitted the Kaiser; "und if she resist sugcessfully, Bridannia vill find herself once more in der bosition off virst vorld bower, as at der glose off der Nabo-leonic vars. If she fail, it vill be a gase off 'Goot-bye, leedle gurl, goot-bye!'"

"We are *sure* to resist successfully," I declared, warmly.

"Dond be too gonfident," admonished the Kaiser. "Dare ish a sbirit abroad in your goundry vhich fills me mit joy vhen I dink off mine faderland. Ja! Der voice of der 'leetle Englander' ish heard in your land. Your 'two-bower standard' ish being tinkered mit in a manner very encouraging to mine beople."

"We have ample resources," I declared.

"You may haf—*now*," responded the Kaiser; "bud you haf gommenced to tags gapital—you haf begun to drain der chief source off your national greadness."

At that moment the German Chancellor hurried into the apartment, and rushing across to the Kaiser, deftly gagged him. Then, turning to me, he made a significant movement with his head and said in a menacing tone, "Voetsack!"

"One moment," I said. "When are you likely to invade us?"

"His Majesty will send you a telegram," replied the Chancellor.

Liverpool Victoria Insurance Corporation.

Mr. J. M. Littleboy presided at the first annual general meeting of this company, held at the Holborn Restaurant on June 23, and congratulated the large gathering of shareholders on the success which had crowned their first year's working.

Mr. Arthur Henri, in seconding the adoption of the report, said that in the accident department they had obtained business with a premium income of over £10,000. With regard to the fire department, they had only been at work for two clear quarters, and the value of the business was most encouraging. The striking feature of the life department was the large percentage of the proposals in the temperance section, while another feature was the large proportion of the policies taken with profits, and the increasing public demand for endowment assurance. (Hear, hear.) Investments had been favourable, the average rate being £3 19s. 1d. The securities, as seen in the balance-sheet, showed a value on March 31 of £467 above cost.

Altogether the outlook for the future was very bright, and the number of participating policies which had been granted by the company was a complete vindication of the action taken by the Liverpool Victoria Friendly Society two years ago. (Loud applause.)

Mr. Thomas R. Barry, who also spoke in support of the report, gave many statistical figures of the first year's working of the corporation and of the great promise assured for the second year's business.

Shareholders congratulated the board on the satisfactory year's working, and the report was unanimously adopted.

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OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To James Carter, Esq., Justice of the Peace, Stalybridge, Cheshire.

MY DEAR JIMMY,—There is a tide in the affairs of men which, if taken at the flood, leads on to misfortune, and I should have thought that at your time of life you would have taken care not to get into it. But there is no fool like an old fool, you told cross-examining counsel at the London Sessions a few days ago. Barring that you should have added, "except a young 'un," I agree with you. Between you and me and the gatepost, Jimmy, we are all human, though in passing I may mention that it is a good rule for magisterial septuagenarians to be human with discretion. There was no harm in your going to the Oaks. I am bound to tell you, however, that I cannot approve of your being out so late at night. As it was, two giddy girls desired that you would give them a lift in your cab. The rain was falling fast, your heart was touched to pity, and you could not resist their fond beseechings. Here the moving story halts amid the shadows of a magnificent silence, and I gather no more except that at some subsequent period you missed your watch and chain. But I should like to know rather more of the details. For instance, did you three discuss the Budget within the cab? Or was the conversation merely about the weather? When you were asked whether this adventure was an ordinary occurrence, you replied, "No, it is the first time in my life—the first in my seventy years." Alas! where is your watch and chain? The ladies had them not, and the jury acquitted them. I shall not point the moral or adorn the tale, my dear Jimmy. But I could. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. F. W. Clarke, Vicar of Caldicot, South Monmouth.

REV. SIR,—Please let me know what good you expect to do for Christianity or the Christian Church by your attitude in this Luff business. I understand the intolerance of zeal, but I don't understand the intolerance of idiocy, and surely yours is that. Luff is a lad of 13, a member of the Boys' Brigade. This Brigade, though holding its meetings in a Wesleyan schoolroom, has nothing whatever to do with Wesleyanism or Free Churchism of any kind, as such, proved by the fact that the lad's father is a Churchman and that the Brigade members have attended Rogiet church, where the Archdeacon of Monmouth preached to them. In any case, your own curate called on the parents and requested that the lad might be allowed to attend your confirmation classes. No objection being made by them or by the lad, he accordingly attended; yet as soon as he had done so you refused to admit him to instruction unless he resigned from the Brigade, remarking to his father, "We must draw the line somewhere. Seeing he is in the Brigade, we cannot very well confirm him." It is wonderful what a deal of bitterness, bigotry, and bunkum some parsons can secrete. I have tried to explain the causes to myself in many ways, but I don't mind telling you that I am still in doubt whether they are attributable to mental or physical degeneration; to defect in the brain or disorder in the liver. As matters stand, my dear vicar, it does not strike me that you have a firm hold on religion. Instead of drawing people into the Church, you and all parsons of your sort are frightening them out of it. Be careful, rev. sir, or you may yet see it underfoot. JOHN BULL.

To the Directors of the Low Laithes Colliery Co., Limited, Wakefield, Yorks.

GENTLEMEN,—I am well aware that employers generally do not regard the Workmen's Compensation Act with favourable eyes, and you are not an exception to the rule. Corcoran was a pit sinker in your employment in 1905. In that year he fell forty feet from a scaffolding while bricking your colliery shaft. His collarbone was fractured, and he sustained various other serious injuries. An order of 12s. a week was made upon you; but, as you subsequently gave the man work, the order was reduced to a penny a week. After three days of the new work, the pain in his shoulder compelled him to give up. He went into the workhouse infirmary, but complaining of being continually dosed with anæsthetics and subjected to rough treatment by massage, he discharged himself. Subsequently he went into hospital at Leeds, where he was from time to time again anæsthetised, while forcible means were taken to break down the adhesions which, it was said, prevented the movements of his left arm. He stood the treatment till it made him weak and ill; then he left.

At this point the Guardians appear to have concluded that Corcoran was a shirker and a shammer, so they prosecuted him as a vagabond for not contributing to the support of his wife and family, and he got a month's imprisonment, with the proviso that the committal was not to be enforced if he went to work at once. He tried to obtain work with your Company, gentlemen, but was informed that he was not to call again until you sent for him. You did not send for him—and he was arrested and served his time. That he was not a shirker and shammer is evident from the fact that he had once more to go into the infirmary.

Apparently he had an interval free from pain; also free from anæsthetics. During this time he was put to work in your colliery, and attended to it regularly. After a time the pain in his arm returned; he occasionally absented himself, and was presently told that he could not be further employed. All but destitute, with a wife and several children on his hands, crippled for life, he applied to you time and time again to find him something to do. His appeals failed, yet for lack of means he could not bring his case again into Court until the other day. You did not dispute that during the time he was put to work before his dismissal this long-suffering cripple was "sometimes down in the pit 29 hours at a stretch," that he had forty minutes' walk after leaving the ground before he could reach his work, that for three-parts of the way the roof was only 3ft. 6in. high, and that he had 190 steps to go up and down each day. Now it is ordered by the Court that you shall find him work "on the belt at the screens," work which "any one-armed man could do," as your solicitor put it.

Now that he is there, gentlemen, in mercy give him a chance. Even if he fails to keep up to the mark at times, balance against that how he was injured and what he has suffered, and harass him no more. Doubtless "business is business"; but, after all, good business is good humanity, and I cannot believe that you will suffer any real loss by doing the right thing by this man. JOHN BULL.

To Major F. A. C. Claughton, Secretary Royal Humane Society, Trafalgar Square, London.

SIR,—There is a brave little fellow of 13 years of age whom I take leave to introduce to you; his name, W. Main; his address, 103, Malmesbury Road, Bow. Being at the Hollow Pond in Wanstead Flats, on Whit Monday last, a ten-year-old child named Corby fell into the pond. He was soon out of his depth, and was presently struggling for his life, with the usual "Can-nobody-else-help-him" crowd standing around watching him drown. Then up came the little hero aforementioned. Casting off his hat and coat, he plunged into the pond, and brought the drowning child to bank, alive, but unconscious, to be presently resuscitated in the St. John's Ambulance tent.

In these days, amid so much silly talk of national degeneracy, we cannot allow the bravery of such a lad to go unrewarded, can we? I don't want to inflate little Main's chest with over-praise, so I leave him in your hands, hoping that the vellum certificate of your society will soon be in his.
JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. H. Samuel, M.P.

SIR,—Glad to hear of your promotion, particularly as the Chancellorship of the Duchy usually implies shelving. You are a clever young man, but you know it. Besides, your policy is associated with infringement of personal rights and liberties, and the sooner you go off to the obscurity of the gilded chamber the better I shall be pleased. No more children's charters or childish chatter, please.
JOHN BULL.

Lord Fitzmaurice.

At last! You forced your way into the Government when nobody wanted you there, and now you are leaving it without the slightest pang of regret. Good-bye (not *au revoir*). BULL.

Lord Rosebery, The Wilderness.

Why write nonsense to the papers? Budget may or may not be bad, but it is idle to pretend that the country was not consulted about main points. Land taxes, unearned increment, old age pensions, all the costly reforms for the relief of poverty, were among the main issues of the General Election. What is your little game? BULL.

Queen of Spain, La Granja Palace, Madrid.

Congratulations new baby. The more the merrier.
BULL.

Lord Michelham (late Baron Stern).

Sorry you didn't win the Grand Prix. It would have been such a fine *British* victory! BULL.

GOT 'EM AGAIN!

The Government—despite its experience with the Licensing Bill—is "looking with a benevolent eye" upon the Sunday Closing Bill.

IN THE CITY.

It is requested that all letters to be answered on the City pages be addressed to the CITY EDITOR, 67, *Long Acre, W.C.*

Letters requiring an answer in the next issue of JOHN BULL *must be received not later than Friday.*

We shall be obliged to Secretaries of Insurance Companies if they will send us their reports when issued, and, from time to time, any other information concerning their Companies which may be of public interest.

AMERICAN INSURANCE OFFICES.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., OF NEW YORK.

As our readers know, we have from time to time advised those of them who are thinking of taking out insurance polices to deal with English offices rather than American, and we have printed two or three letters from policy-holders in American offices intended to show, and indeed, showing, a considerable difference between the bonus returns shown to them when they took out their 15-year policy, or whatever policy it happened to be, and the actual result when the policy matured and the time came for payment. Naturally, too, the allegations made against insurance companies on the other side of the water two or three years ago, and the facts elicited by the official inquiry that followed, tended to prejudice insurance on this side, and had the effect of limiting the business done by the American offices working in this country. But, of course, there are amongst the American offices, as amongst our own companies, offices and offices, some of them of the highest standing, able to invite the most searching investigation of their financial position and their business methods, and others less able to meet such inquiry. In the very front rank of these offices, foremost amongst them, tried by any conceivable test, stands the Mutual Life Insurance Co., of New York. But even that great Company has not been able to maintain the very exceptional results achieved in earlier years, and we thought it might be useful if our representative saw Colonel J. H. Harrison Hogge, the general manager of the Company for the United Kingdom, and had a chat with him upon the difference that even his Company has to admit in the return made to the policy-holder, say, in the nineties, and what is possible to-day. Colonel Harrison Hogge expressed himself as very pleased to see our representative, and to give him all possible information as to the position of his Company, and, among other things, what it has done for policy-holders as compared with past actual results.

As to the alleged difference between promise and performance, Colonel Harrison Hogge insists that there is no ground for complaint. The illustration form that was submitted to the policy-holder when taking out the policy shows distinctly, and in unmistakable language, that the figures given were based on past results, and were not in any way pledges of the future. He does not however, deny that the results to policyholders in the matter of bonuses on these long distribution policies have been less good than they were at one time, but he points out that the saving effected by the lower premium charged by the Mutual, and the bonuses given by them, compares most favourably with those of other first-class offices, and he adds that it is impossible for any other company to guarantee their rate of bonuses in the future, since it depends on so many different elements, such as the ratio of working expenses, mortality, and the rate of interest earned on its funds, which, of course, must of necessity fluctuate. Even the Mutual cannot control mortality, or the rate of interest obtainable, but it would have been possible for them to have exercised more supervision over their expenditure, which until recently was very excessive. The Company is, however, to be commended for the great care that has been exercised in its investments. After an official investigation unexampled in its severity, it was found that not a single investment of the Mutual Life Insurance Co., of New York could be classed as doubtful. There was not a dividendless Stock, or a Bond in default, and when it is remembered that the investments of the Company amount to the enormous sum of £104,000,000 sterling, it will be admitted that this is a very wonderful result, and shows conclusively that the control of the investments of the Company is in the hands of a most able Committee.

It cannot be doubted, nor have we ever questioned, that the Mutual Life is a sound, solid, financial Institution, and the house-cleaning that took place some years ago has benefited the policy-holders, who are now receiving larger bonuses than formerly. The new management attach much greater importance than the old to economical working, and they are to be congratulated on being able during the last two or three years to get the expense ratio down from 28.50 to 14.45 per cent., whilst increasing the rate of interest on the funds by having less money lying idle and on deposit at a low rate of interest.

One very welcome feature of the management of this Company is the promptitude with which Death claims are paid, sixty-one per cent. being paid on the date of presentation, and practically the whole of the remainder on the following day. Loans on the Company's policies are effected in the same expeditious manner, and although we have received some complaints as to results not coming up to what policy-holders expected, the management has been able to show us a heap of letters, many of them from well-known public men, expressing appreciation of the settlements obtained.

We are hearing a good deal nowadays about Unclaimed Bank Balances, but the Mutual follows a very different course to that which finds favour with our banks. Instructions from the head office to the general manager are to get into touch with policy-holders who have money lying to their credit, and to take immediate steps to get these sums off the books, representing as they do balances of Surrender Values, accrued interest, and so on.

If any policy-holder in this Company is in doubt upon any point, we suggest that he should call personally and see Colonel Harrison Hogge, and we feel sure that if he is shown what our representative was shown, he will leave the Company's Buildings feeling perfectly happy and sure that it will carry out its contracts to the letter.

OUR KAFFIR-RUBBER TIP.

Readers do not require to be reminded that ever since they were under par we have consistently advised the purchase of Rubber Explorations as providing the safest means of securing a participation in the Kaffir and Rubber booms. The shares are now close upon 1¼, thus showing a profit of 25 per cent. since the date of our recommendation, and they should go much higher—especially in view of the fact that the first of a series of quarterly dividends is about to be declared.

CARTER'S DEEP LEADS.

Excellent news is to hand from these properties. Trial "crushings" of about 150 tons of "wash" have yielded upwards of 400 ounces of gold, and it looks as though Mr. Carter had secured a second Madam Berry, from which such phenomenal results were obtained some years ago.

VAAL RIVER GOLDFIELDS.

We hear of interesting developments in connection with these shares, in which dealings have of late considerably opened out. It is being talked of as "the cheapest Kaffir in the market."

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

WALDORF HOTEL.—H. J. B. (Leeds).—We strongly advise you to hold your shares.

FARROW'S BANK.—BOAZ (London).—We are not as sure as we should like to be.

RANDFONTEINS.—CIVIS.—We should hold a little longer. The same answer applies to the other shares you name.

AMERICAN FREE LAND MORTGAGE COMPANY OF LONDON.—S. A. (Aberdeen).—We think not.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS PUMP ROOM.—EAGLE (Clapham).—You would find it difficult to dispose of these shares.

THE BRISTOL STAMP AND TICKET AUTOMATIC DELIVERY COMPANY.—MAX (Dover).—We regret that we cannot help you to dispose of the shares you hold.

THE COLUMBIAN NAVIGATION COMPANY.—R. P. (Birmingham).—We think you might make a better selection.

CARGO FLEETS.—C. H. P. (Birmingham).—We think, at their present price they represent a fair speculative purchase. J. M. B. (Brighton).—We should hold on. You could only sell to-day at considerable loss.

PURCHASE OF PATENTS.—P. M. (Liverpool).—We regret we can be of no service to you in the matter.

STATUS OF STEAMSHIP COMPANY.—R. J. P. (Torquay).—We know nothing against the people you name.

CENTRAL ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT CORPORATION.—A. E. M. (Southwark).—We have gone through the correspondence, and we return the letters from the company. We regret that we cannot help you in the matter, but it is, of course, open to you to appeal to the Court for relief, if you think the company's treatment of you has been "unconscionable." As to that, the information you send us is not sufficiently complete for us to form an opinion.

CHAS. CLATWORTHY.—W. H. B. (Canning Town).—The Provident Association of London has already instituted proceedings against this person, who at one time was connected with the association, and the case will come on for hearing very shortly.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING SHARES.—T. B. (Highbury).—(1) We think you might do better with other shares. For example, W. T. Henley's Telegraph Works Company, a very prosperous undertaking, would, at the present price of the £5 shares, give you over 6 per cent., or the Preference shares of the Chelsea Electricity Supply Company would give you almost as much. (2) The Law Union and Crown Insurance Company is in the front rank of insurance companies.

SOUND INVESTMENTS.—GRESHAM (Wolverhampton).—We should not advise investment in Russian securities. The outlook is much too uncertain.

CAXTON PUBLISHING COMPANY.—W. H. M. (Sheffield).—We have no information on the point named.

SELFRIDGE'S.—We have your letter respecting the action of this firm in connection with its buyers, but it is impossible for us to take notice of its statements unless you send us your name and address. R. H. M. (Bristol).—It is not open to you now to withdraw. All you can do is to sell. A SEEKER FOR TRUTH.—Your points are important, but we do not think any advantage would be gained by publicly discussing them at present.

NORTH MOUNT BOPPY, LIMITED.—W. L. P. (London).—The address of the company is 615, Salisbury House, E.C. The shares are at a rubbish price.

R. A. SMITH AND COMPANY.—W. A. G. (Barton-on-Humber).—The claim cannot be substantiated.

WYMAN AND SONS.—H. E. W. (Burton-on-Trent).—You should communicate with the secretary, who will no doubt give you the information you desire.

BROWNHILL COLLIERY.—BIKE (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—We have no information as to the reason. You should inquire at the office.

MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.—INVESTOR (Glasgow).—We should keep them.

LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.—JUDEX (Southall).—It seems to us that Mr. Garlick is right in saying that you are entitled to rank only as an ordinary unsecured creditor for the £16 19s. 6d. which the company owes you. We return your papers. F. H. G. (Tinsley).—(1) Legal proceedings would be only throwing good money after bad. (2) We should sell the shares you name, if you can do so.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—M. C. C. (Sunderland).—The persons you name are not members of the Stock Exchange. H. R. H. (Castle Hedingham).—We cannot recommend you to indulge in Stock Exchange speculation. IGNORAMUS (Bristol).—Have nothing to do with them. CONSTANT READER (Colchester).—No, we cannot advise you subscribing to the "Triple Combination Scheme" or any other devices of the kind. AMNA (Galway).—You might try a solicitor's letter, but remember that rogues of this sort, when pressed into a corner, fall back upon the Gaming Act. M. (Chichester).—Ditto. E. P.—Of the firms you mention, Messrs. Halford and Co., of Palmerston House, is the best. They have a very honourable record.

NATIONAL CASH REGISTER.—M. E. (Oxford Street).—We note your experience as a customer of this company. PILSBY (St. Helens).—We cannot advise you to take the course you suggest. Do not resort to trickery, but fight them fairly. You have good grounds for action. H. B. A. (Bournemouth).—We regret that we cannot send you a copy of the agreement. H. J. W. (Bournemouth).—We should refuse to pay. We return your account. G. R. M. (Beckenham).—See previous answers.

BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY.—R. S. (Surbiton).—There is no reason why you should not continue your payments. A. J. C. (Palmers Green).—We are obliged by your letter, which has our attention. J. McD. (King's Lynn).—You need be under no apprehension. It is quite safe. READER OF JOHN BULL (Hampstead).—Ditto. ANXIOUS (Islington).—Ditto. W. H. T. (Dulwich).—Let your money stay where it is. It is quite safe. W. S. (Twickenham).—Ditto. A. H. H. (Kilburn).—Ditto. G. L. (Highbury).—Ditto. ANXIOUS (Peterborough).—Ditto. T. W. S. (Swaffham).—(1) Yes, we remain of the opinion that you are absolutely safe in depositing with this bank. (2) Any one of the joint stock banks would keep your account on the conditions named.

KODAK COMPANY.—H. L. G.—It represents a very sound investment.

LOAN OF £20.—A. L. (Bexhill-on-Sea).—We regret that we can be of no service to you in the matter.

UNITED KINGDOM, COLONIAL AND FOREIGN ACCOUNTANCY OFFICES.—H. F. H. (Newhaven).—The reply is in the negative.

PROFITABLE INVESTMENT.—PROFITABLE (London).—You are, of course, quite it through; but to buy and sell constantly, always to advantage, implies right as to the profitable nature of the transaction, if only you can carry knowledge and judgment of an unusual character.

AUDITOR.—J. W. T. (Whitechapel).—It is not absolutely necessary that the auditors should be Chartered Accountants, but it is very desirable.

LIBERATOR SOCIETY.—CONSTANT READER (Lewisham).—We fear there is little likelihood of your recovering anything.

SCOTTISH MASHONALAND GOLD MINING COMPANY.—T. A. R. (Crewe).—The company holds 70 claims in the Lomagunda, Salisbury, and Mazoe districts, also shares in various companies. Of the authorised capital of £150,000, 126,050 shares are issued and fully paid.

PAYMENT IN GOODS.—EXCHANGE (Brixton).—The suggestion is a novel one, but we are not sure it is practicable.

KLERKSDORP PROPRIETARY.—J. A. C. (Barry).—We should hold for the present, but sell upon any rise.

SAFE DEPOSIT.—A. H. (Fenchurch Street).—Both the banks you name are quite safe.

FELTHAM'S BANK.—H. S. E. (Reading).—Yes, months ago, but the liquidation is not yet completed, not that that matters much to the creditors of the concern.

PARIS BONDS.—J. H. (Surbiton).—There is the chance, as you say, of winning an immense prize, but it is of the smallest.

EQUITABLE EXCHANGE.—B. S. (Highbury).—We are obliged to you for the information contained in your letter, which is duly noted. These people should be avoided.

THE DEBENTURE INVESTMENT TRUST, LIMITED.—W. F. (Lambeth).—We have no information respecting this concern.

INTEREST ON DEPOSIT.—BULLITE (York).—We know of no bank that pays the rate you name, or anything approaching it.

NILE VALLEY SHARES.—A. P. (Hampstead).—It would be a very speculative purchase.

CONSOLIDATED GOLD FIELDS.—IGNORAMUS (Bristol).—We advise you to hold for the present.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—J. G. (Surbiton).—We are not aware that we do so. What we do say is that we do not feel ourselves justified in advising our readers to deposit where such high rates of interest are promised.

HAMBURG LOTTERIES.—JOSE (East Sheen).—Have nothing to do with this or any other foreign lottery.

MINING SHARES.—ENQUIRER (Anstruther).—It would be a very speculative purchase.

TWO SHARES.—STORAGE (Kirkcaldy).—We should prefer the Bovril Argentine Estates.

FAR EASTERN AUSTRALASIA COMPANY, LIMITED.—D. N. (Balham).—We regret we cannot do as you wish.

WHITELEY'S.—READER OF JOHN BULL (Harlesden).—We think them a fair speculative purchase.

PURCHASE OF SHARES.—CORNISHMAN (St. Leonards-on-Sea).—A speculation decidedly. Don't buy unless you are prepared to reckon with the ups and downs of the market. We know nothing about the other shares you mention. REGINA (Malden).—We do not recommend brokers.

PARA ELECTRIC RAILWAYS AND LIGHTING COMPANY.—B. B. (Manchester).—It would be a very speculative purchase.

SAN FRANCISCO BREWERIES.—F. D. (Brighton).—We think not

THREE SHARES.—CYMRO (Tylers Town).—The best of the three is D. H. Evans and Co.

ADVANCE OF £1,000.—G. H. R. (Earl's Court).—The thing could be done. You would have to provide interest at the rate of about 6 per cent., and it might necessitate the taking out of a policy of insurance, but this depends whether the reversion is absolute or contingent.

INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES SYNDICATE.—H. M. (Grimsby).—Your money is gone, without hope of recovery.

BRIGHTON AERATED BREAD COMPANY.—S. B. J. (Blackheath).—We fear we cannot help you.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS.—H. H. J. (Grimsby).—Yes, quite genuine.

EGYPTIAN BONDS.—W. T. (Plumstead).—You should have it done through a solicitor.

GRAND TRUNK ORDINARY.—BRIGHTON (Burryport).—We should hold.

NANWA (RHODESIA).—J. T. (Falkirk).—The answer is in the negative.

EL ORO MINING AND RAILWAY COMPANY.—D. B. (Edinburgh).—(1) The answer to all three questions is in the affirmative. (2) Have nothing to do with the outside brokers you name.

STATUS OF BANK.—W. G. E. (Birmingham).—It is quite safe.

THREE SHARES.—SCOTTIE (London).—We do not think any one of the three particularly attractive.

BANK SHARES.—J. S. (Birmingham).—All four banks are in the front rank, the only difference between them being the amount of the liability attached to the shares in the sense of uncalled capital.

MEXICAN LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY.—J. K. (London).—We should be inclined to sell them.

INSURANCE ENQUIRIES.

NATIONAL DEPOSIT FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—T. H. (Brondesbury).—The answer is in the affirmative.

UNITED FRIENDLY INSURANCE COMPANY.—A. W. K. (Strood).—We think so.

NATIONAL BENEFIT TRUST.—J. D. (Cardiff).—Our estimate of the papers you send us agrees with the opinion you express.

PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—F. T. (Brixton).—We cannot tell you why the company refused to insure you. Presumably the medical report was unfavourable. J. S. B. (Portman Square).—You need be under no apprehension as to this company not paying you anything to which you may be entitled at their hands.

BRITISH CROWN ASSURANCE CORPORATION, LIMITED.—GENERAL MANAGER (London).—We are obliged to you for the papers enclosed in your letter, which shall have our attention. The accounts, as made up to the end of 1908, show funds amounting to £69,534, exclusive of uncalled capital, providing ample security to all policyholders. E. A. F. (Maidstone).—It is a company established in 1907.

NATIONAL OLD AGE PENSION TRUST.—T. H. (Darwen).—We cannot advise you to join this Trust, Mr. Taverner not having satisfied us that his scheme is a sound one.

BRITISH ENTERPRISE INSURANCE COMPANY.—ENQUIRER X. (Carmarthen).—Yes, it is a "sound company and in good repute," and its House Purchase scheme seems an excellent one. G. T. (Southampton).—Yes, certainly.

THE PRACTITIONER ACCIDENT INSURANCE.—BANDAGE (Belfast).—The Practitioner appears to dispute your facts, and, in the circumstances, we think your better way would be to consult a solicitor, if you cannot come to terms with them.

ABSTAINERS' AND GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—T. H. (Acocks Green).—We do not understand your complaint. The company seems to have acted within their rights. We return your papers.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—J. J. W. (Liverpool).—We think it would be difficult to find a scheme that would give you much better results than the one under which you are insured with the Sun Life. The two other insurance companies you name are in the front rank.

THE LIFE AND HEALTH ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—A. J. (Sheffield).—The General Accident Fire and Life Assurance Corporation is in the front rank of insurance offices. You are, of course, bound by the conditions under which the company takes over the goodwill and business of the Life and Health Assurance Association, as named in Mr. Norrie Miller's circular letter you send us.

INTERNATIONAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—NORTON (Leicester).—We have had no complaint. The company was only started in 1906.

LAW CAR AND GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION.—CABMASTER (Walworth Road).—Yes, certainly.

UNITED KINGDOM TEMPERANCE GENERAL AND PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.—LEGERI (Nuneaton).—You say that this institution is advertising that, for a premium of £2 2s. 7d. per annum, they will insure a person, aged 23, for £100, payable at death, and in the meantime pay a bonus each year of £2 2s., which may be drawn by the insurer. You want to know how the association can afford to do this. The statement to which you refer is untrue and absurd. The institution makes no such offer. Of course, the bonuses are the usual *reversionary* ones.

THE SENTINEL INSURANCE COMPANY.—MANAGING DIRECTOR (Birmingham).—We thank you for the information you send us respecting your company.

INSURANCE OF LIKE.—E. L. C. (Devonport).—If you will tell us what you want in the way of insurance, we will do our best to answer your questions.

PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT CORPORATION.—E. W. (High Wycombe).—We think you had better do so.

COLONIAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—A. A. R. (Reynoldstone).—It is a very progressive Colonial company of high standing.

LAW GUARANTEE TRUST AND ACCIDENT SOCIETY.—E. B. M. (Woodford Green).—We do not think you need be uneasy as to the debentures in which you are interested and which are guaranteed by this company.

BRITISH NATURAL PREMIUM LIFE ASSOCIATION.—A SUBSCRIBER (Kingston).—We are not at all surprised at your perplexity. The original company, as you know, was the British Natural Premium Life Association. It became the Progressive Assurance Company, and now it is proposed to amalgamate it either with the National Standard Life Assurance Corporation or the London, Edinburgh and Glasgow Assurance Company. Which it is to be remains undecided.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—E. S. (Leyton).—We do not think there is any ground whatever for the suggestion that this company is not perfectly solvent.

ROCK LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—J. W. B. (Edinburgh).—If this company should at any time enter into an arrangement for transfer to another company, the interests of policyholders will be fully protected, and, by the limitation of expenses, which generally forms part of such an arrangement, the position of holders of participating assurances will be improved.

THE PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT COMPANY.—H. H. (Leeds).—We have read your letter with interest. Can you give us any report of the case in which the manager of this company stated, in evidence, what you say he stated about lapsed policies?

LONDON AND PROVINCIAL DIVIDING SOCIETY.—W. C. (Longport).—We know nothing about it.

ONE AND ALL ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—L. C. (Upper Mitcham).—We cannot recommend you to join it, at any rate at present, and until we see a little clearer how things are shaping. It is right to add that the scheme, as put before us, is a much sounder one than that which carried the old One and All to disaster.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—W. H. B. (Canning Town).—Our information is that the Provident Association of London some time ago instituted an action against Mr. Clatworthy, and that this action will be tried before Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady within the next few days. In these circumstances, Mr. Chatworthy would appear to be guilty of contempt of court in disseminating the printed matter you send us. However, the matter will be dealt with in the only satisfactory way by a Judge of the High Court very shortly, and we therefore refrain from further comment meantime.

PRUDENTIAL LIFE POLICY.—A. G. (Spilsby).—Your better plan would be to apply to the company, who would give you authoritative information as to the policy.

BRITISH ENTERPRISE INSURANCE SOCIETY.—WAVES (Cowes).—It is a young society, but well managed, and we are sure they will treat you well in the matter of house purchase.

MODERN SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—J. W. (Liverpool).—The answer is in the negative.

INSURABLE INTEREST.—R. W. M. (Birmingham).—There is no hard and fast rule. You should see the company, and get an explicit declaration from them that they will pay it.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

A Brilliant Woman's Son.

Mr. J. R. Butler, who has just been adding to his already nigh unprecedented list of prizes and Honours in Classics, is an interesting personality to women for two reasons. Firstly, he is the son of the lady who some four-and-twenty years ago came out at the very head of the Cambridge examination-list in Honours in Classics, leading all her competitors, men and women alike, and thus becoming "Senior Classics" for that year. This lady—who possessed the charming name of Agneta Ramsay—married Dr. Butler, Master of Trinity, and two years after her great scholastic triumphs, became the mother of this clever son. The young man, whose double inheritance of intellect is bearing such fruit, is, one is glad to learn, strongly in favour of fair play for women on the moot question of their being allowed to receive the degrees they earn in the University examinations. At present women are not recognised as graduates, no matter how high their successes. In the Woman's Suffrage Procession last year there walked no fewer than six hundred women who were entitled by examination to be graduates of Cambridge. They were distinguished only by pale blue rosettes and streamers—they could not wear caps and gowns, not being granted the degrees they had won. This obvious injustice is not only a sentimental grievance. Many scholastic appointments both at home and in the Colonies can only be held by graduates, so the lady with the M.A. of Dublin or Aberdeen is in an infinitely superior position to even the Honours woman of Cambridge. Recently the chief debating society of Cambridge, "The Cambridge Union," discussed the resolution, "That the degrees of this University ought immediately to be opened to women," and the mover of this proposition was none other than young Mr. Butler—a pleasing form of homage to his clever mother. Twelve years ago the suggestion led to large bodies of male students assembling, hooting and mud-throwing outside the gates of the women's colleges, while the effigy of a girl-student in cap and gown was publicly burned. This year the members of the "Cambridge Union" carried the resolution by three in favour to every one against—so we shall see!

Words of Advice Concerning Sale Time.

These all important functions are upon us, and our money simply screams out to us that it was made to be spent. One man's meat is verily another man's poison, and the wretched weather that has been so disastrous for shopkeepers, will serve to make the sales this year a genuine happy hunting ground for the lover of bargains. It is not worth while for important shops to keep on hand summer goods that will be out of fashion next year; so, notwithstanding the fact that there has been an almost unprecedented small demand for light thin garments so far, the dainty frocks, hats, coats and all else are to be disposed of at delightfully low prices. What can be got in the way of muslin and linen dresses for fifteen shillings or thereabouts is simply wonderful, but it is unwise to be tempted into buying too large an assortment. Fashions change so rapidly nowadays, that any gowns that are not worn out this season—and before one can say the traditional "Jack Robinson" we shall be thinking of autumn clothes—will be obviously old-fashioned when produced next year. A good coat and skirt of some useful colour and possessing a reasonable degree of thickness and warmth, should always be bought in readiness for the first chill days. Short coats for tailor-made costumes are very unfashionable, and so will be going very cheaply. In the hat line avoid any of the *outré* fashions of the spring—they are terribly dated. Fringes and tassels and passementeries will be as fashionable as ever for many a long month to come, so such oddments may well be secured. Scarves, too, have just received a fresh lease of life from being worn by Queen Alexandra on several important public functions.

TEUTONOMANIA.

I am a Terrortorial;
I've caught the German funk;
All night I dream of *Dreadnoughts*
That are *sunk, sunk, sunk.*
And when I hear a German band,
I shriek out "They are come!"
And try to still my heart-beats
That go *drum, drum, drum.*
Though German sausages are good,
They set my nerves a-twang;
They're too much like torpedoes
That go *bang, bang, bang.*
I had a cheap alarum-clock;
I smashed it pretty quick.
It made me think of bomb-shells
That go *tick, tick, tick.*
My little boy is squalling loud
(Unpatriotic scamp!)
He *had* a German engine
That went *tramp, tramp, tramp.*

Electricity versus Medicine.

An Interesting Discussion of an Interesting Subject.

This subject is one that is occupying a prominent place in the experiments of all progressive medical men. The success attained with electricity has even astonished some of its strongest advocates. Dr. Poore, writing upon the subject of electricity, in one of his well-known works says: "No other single therapeutical agent is so generally useful or admits of so many and such varied applications, for some of which it stands alone and supreme." That opinion is shared by all those who have made a close study of the subject. The wonderful success of electricity in cases where drugs have utterly failed has forced belief in the efficacy of the latter almost to the vanishing point. "Electricity is the medicine of the future," writes another authority.

The following interesting article by Prof. Edgar L. Larkin, discussing "The New Physiology," is illustrative of the trend of thought:—"The trend of science is towards electricity on all sides. Discoveries made hour by hour point to one grand conclusion—the substratum of nature is electricity. Life, force, and mind are intimately related with it. All animals are merely electrical machines. A man, brain and body, is a battery, and nerves correspond to wires. It is now certain that transmission over them is electric. The human system is an electro-chemic battery, and the life principle is electrical. The electric age is here. Drugs are hard hit on all sides, and an intelligent physician tells me that he has almost entirely stopped their use. The word health now means a normal supply of electricity in the body, and the word disease means an insufficiency of that power."

That electricity is a powerful curative agent is a fact too well known to require further illustrative proofs. It is a positive cure for all Stomach Troubles, Rheumatism, Lumbago Sciatica, Nervousness, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Kidney, Liver Bladder, and Bowel complaints, and all forms of weakness

How many men and women are going through life mere pigmies of what they should be? They lack interest in everything—enjoy nothing. And why? Because they are weak which means they lack electricity. Such persons can be made strong and robust, perfect specimens of health and vigour The means is easy and simple. An electric current flowing into their nerve centres while they rest, and there is soon a transformation.

A body battery has been invented for applying electricity to the nerve centres. It is called "Ajax" Dry-Cell—requires no charging, generates a strong current, and is always ready for use. It has cured thousands, and is certain in every case undertaken. W. Lascelles-Scott, Esq., one of the best-known scientific Electrical Experts in Great Britain, has this to say of it: "I have, in the course of my experiments with the 'Ajax' Body Battery, which have now extended over several weeks, tested its powers in various ways rather severely, and am bound to admit that the results have been eminently satisfactory throughout, and, indeed, greatly beyond my initia expectations."

At the recent International Exhibition held in London the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery was awarded the Diploma with Grand Prix and Gold Medal. The award was given through the medical section of the Exhibition, and specially praises the system of applying the current as well as the battery. This is the highest honour ever gained by an electric treatment.

An interesting book of eighty pages has recently been published. It is full of interesting facts, and free to anyone who writes for it. Every person, man or woman, who is not what he or she should be, should write for this book at once. It will point out the way whereby the blessings of perfect health can be enjoyed. It is based upon the latest standard works, and c ntains many valuable opinions and much use'ul information. A postcard or a letter sent to The British Electric Inst ute (Dep. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will bring it at once in a plain, sealed envelope. All advice is free also. This new method has been awarded the "Science Siftings" Certificate of Merit.—[ADVT]

"THE TRUTH ABOUT THE YOUNG TURKS."
AN ANSWER TO MR. HERBERT VIVIAN.

By REGINALD WYON.

The British Press has certainly displayed a more than usual ignorance of the ways of the Near East during the recent events in Turkey. But *the* biscuit has been carried off triumphantly by Mr. Herbert Vivian.

In the opening sentence of Mr. Vivian's remarkable effusion we are told that "the aged reprobates who call themselves Young Turks have outdone themselves." Who, pray, are "the *aged* reprobates"? And again, may I ask, who has violated his oath, the ex-Sovereign or the Young Turk?

When the Constitution was proclaimed some ten months ago, the late Sultan took a solemn oath to uphold the Constitution. Since then he has never ceased to compass its overthrow and regain his old despotic power. How very nearly successful he proved we experienced on April 13th and 14th, and I should have liked Mr. Vivian to have been, as I was, a witness of those very precarious days which followed. By inciting that mutiny and causing the brutal assassination of about two hundred promising young officers, Abdul Hamid forfeited all his rights to the Caliphate. There is now no doubt whatever that Abdul Hamid bribed the fanatical priesthood to poison the minds of the ignorant troops in the city and pervert them from their oath of allegiance to the Constitution.

To further proceed with Mr. Vivian's indictment, he chooses to quote an obviously ridiculous statement made by an ignorant correspondent that "the sanctity (!) of Yildiz" was violated by one "Carasso Effendi" and others, who "divested themselves of their overcoats and *hats*" ere they approached the sacred person of the Sultan. Perhaps Mr. Vivian is not so much to blame in citing this silly statement, as several of our leading illustrated weeklies reproduced fantastic sketches of that episode, depicting gentlemen in marvellous garb (in one instance a sort of German military uniform) announcing to the Sultan his deposition, and *holding their fez in their hands*. Even the artist admitted the fez at least, and I may inform Mr. Vivian that there is not one deputy who wears a hat. Neither would any Turk (deputy or not), native Christian or Jew, dream of taking off his fez or turban on an occasion of the simplest etiquette any more than we of the West would put our hats on. The deputation sent to apprise Abdul Hamid of his sentence was a representative one chosen by the Chamber, and it was supported by Musselman troops, likewise delegated to see the mission carried out and to take formal possession of Yildiz.

Regarding the statement made by the *Daily Telegraph's* correspondent, which Mr. Vivian quotes, to the effect that "he recognised many Bulgarian bandits disguised as Turkish soldiers," this is again untrue. There were several hundred Bulgarian comitatchis with the invading army, but they wore their national dress and headgear, as did the other Christian volunteers. Out of the invading army of 22,000 men, probably 2,000 were Christians and Jews, certainly not more. But apart from this it should be obvious that native Christians have even more interest than the Turk in maintaining the Constitution.

It is very amusing to read that this was "a middle-class movement, neither popular nor national." A little study of recent Turkish history will show that the only discontented Turks are those who, under Abdul Hamid's reign, were able to live on the fat of the land. It is incredible that anyone can uphold the old nefarious *régime* which fostered bribery, corruption and blind fanaticism and exiled or imprisoned everyone suspected even of modern ideas.

To declare that "rarely has any monarch aroused such intense enthusiasm" as at the last Selamlik (April 23rd) is ridiculously misleading. It was known that every soldier had received that morning sums of gold varying from £3 to £20, and for the first time each man received a glass of sherbet and Turkish delight, also that the hodjas and softas had been similarly bribed and all the Kurdish hamals and gipsies of Stamboul fully armed.

Does Mr. Vivian know why?

We were on the brink of what would have been one of the most terrible events in the world's history.

For that very afternoon Abdul Hamid had organised a *European* massacre, with the British Embassy and Colony first on the list. The news reached Mahmoud Chefket Pasha, Commander-in-Chief of the "insurgents," early that morning, and he not being ready to march in time to prevent the massacre, issued his now famous "No deposition" proclamation. This act of "bluff," reprehensible as it may seem to Mr. Vivian ("very dirty work" is, I think, his expression), saved all our lives, our womenfolk, and children, for Abdul Hamid construed it as a sign of weakness and postponed the massacre till the following dawn as being more certain of complete success. Ere the dawn came, the "rebels" were in the city, and what followed is now history.

Mr. Vivian also tells us that "a wicked tryant does not readily find 10,000 soldiers ready to defy (!) their officers and risk everything to bolster up a system of oppression." Oh, yes he can. As a matter of fact Abdul Hamid found 24,000 soldiers, about 10,000 hodjas and softas, and some 20,000 Stamboul hooligans quite ready to support him in his intended final act of revenge, and it is estimated that this "bolstering up" cost him upwards of two millions sterling.

It was also certainly dreadfully unfair of "the insurgents not to have told the sainted Abdul that they had 20,000 of the finest fighting men in Eastern Europe ready at the gates of the city." I never knew that this was the custom in war, but I can assure Mr. Vivian that had the ex-Sultan known the strength and discipline of the "rebels" he would not have calmly awaited their arrival.

The 10,000 loyal (!) troops (really 24,000) were, thanks to Abdul's organised mutiny, without officers, and those whom the mutineers had not murdered were fighting as private soldiers with the 'rebels." Mr. Vivian can rest assured that had Abdul realised that this "heterogeneous riff-raff" outside was capable of making such a splendidly organised and sudden march on the city he would have set his loyal tools to work on the Friday (23rd) and escaped in the night to Asia Minor and proclaimed what Mr. Vivian so lightly alludes to, "a holy war." I wonder whether Mr. Vivian realises what a holy war means?

One of Mr. Vivian's weakest points is his criticism of the fetva, described wittily as "flapdoodle." For instance, "Suppression of the sacred books," Mr. Vivian remarks, "What a motive for dethronement!" Indeed, why not? Again he declares "All kinds of tyrannies" to be "impudently vague"! I will quote here the saying of a Turkish officer, captain in the Imperial Ottoman Navy: "Allah is Almighty, but even He would be hard put to create another such fiend as Abdul Hamid." Personally, I think it unfair to ascribe the creation of Abdul Hamid to Allah.

To continue. "Having sworn to return to virtue, breaks oath," but what, asks Mr. Vivian, naïvely, is "Political virtue"? It was the breaking of the oath of a *Constitutional* monarch, and nothing to do with "political virtue." I wonder what would happen if our august Sovereign, King Edward, were to break his Constitutional oath, and, furthermore, incite the hooligans of the East End to pillage the West.

In the concluding paragraph Mr. Vivian indulges in a wild outburst of vituperation against the new Sultan, Mehmet V. One would imagine that his long captivity was the result of a crime and not an act of needless cruelty of his brother. Besides, he was not kept shut up in a dungeon as Mr. Vivian's "eye-witnesses" would have us infer. He is an accomplished musician and poet and is largely read. Furthermore, for the last ten months, he has been a free man, has visited Parliament repeatedly and made himself thoroughly conversant with what was going on. To describe him then "as he came blinking out of his captivity with swollen eyes like one just awakened from a long sleep" is too ridiculous to need any comment. But, in any case, it is certainly in shocking taste for Mr. Vivian to use such epithets as "rag doll" and "puppet" simply because the new Sultan has been kept confined in a palace for thirty-three years as a political prisoner.

Meant apparently as a farewell gibe at the men of the army of Liberation, Mr. Vivian terms them "Modern Janissaries." Well, they *are* very fine fighting men, and if Turkey be allowed to work out her own salvation, and train a few hundred thousand men in such fashion, then indeed will the Ottoman Empire once more be a power in the world.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See Page iii. of Cover.

THE LONDON JOINT STOCK BANK AND A HULL CUSTOMER.

We have received a statement from a Hull correspondent which seems to show that the Hull branch of the London Joint Stock Bank has acted with unusual harshness towards a well-known and respected Hull firm.

Messrs. Shaw and Son were the oldest firm of saw millers in Hull. Their saw mill occupied a valuable site close to the docks on one of the main thoroughfares, and was the only works of its kind in Hull possessing a water frontage on one side, by means of which river craft could be loaded up with goods direct from the machines. The ground area consisted of practically 2,000 square yards. The value of the premises may be gauged when it is stated that ten years ago a miller, whose premises adjoined the saw mill, offered £7,000 for the land alone, the sellers to be allowed to remove all machinery, engines, boiler, and so on.

During the years which followed, the firm suffered severely from bad trade and competition, and the premises had to be mortgaged to the York City and County Bank as security for an overdraft. The bank was amalgamated with the London Joint Stock Bank early in the present year.

Some weeks ago the London Joint Stock Bank sent for the partners and summarily "stopped the tap," resulting in the creditors being called together. Apart from the bank (who are amply secured), the estate was solvent.

It was resolved that a deed of assignment be executed, the suggestion being that the property should be realised to the best advantage. Accordingly the bank manager approached the miller who some years ago offered the £7,000. The miller now offered £2,500, and whereas his £7,000 excluded all fixtures, machinery, and so on, the £2,500 now offered included everything. The bank were informed by the Trustee that the offer was a ridiculous one.

And yet two days after that offer was made, and during the very hour that another likely purchaser was actually looking over the mill the bank closed with the miller's £2,500 offer.

It is not surprising that Messrs. Shaw and Son, and their creditors, feel very sore over this transaction. They say that the property was ruthlessly sacrificed; that if it had been put up to auction it would have fetched a much larger sum. As a matter of fact the property was never, as we are informed, officially valued from start to finish. The ink could hardly have been dry on the agreement when the purchaser advertised the place to let as a saw mill, and enquiries elicited the fact that he required £250 rent, in itself a sufficient commentary upon the sale price.

The result is that an ald gentleman of 72 has been turned, practically penniless, into the street, after an honourable business record of 45 years.

BRAVO, NESTLES!

This is the sort of letter we like to read :—

It may interest you to know that the fact of your attracting attention to the conditions under which the Nestle boys were working has had a very beneficial effect. The facts are as follows :—

On Thursday, at about 10.30 a.m., just after JOHN BULL was issued, a representative of Messrs. Nestlé's visited the Exhibition, entered the kiosk and promptly cleared away all the books to the City office. Later in the day members of the firm came along. On Friday one of the principals spent some considerable time at Shepherd's Bush, and interviewed the boys, each separately, and I am assured in a very nice and kindly manner (meantime, some eight or ten of the original boys had ceased to serve the firm). The gentleman referred to left towards evening, apparently for the City office. Later the same evening wages were paid out, but to the delight of the boys, each packet contained a half-sovereign. It is understood that this in future is to be the minimum wage. Needless to say the boys are loud in their praise of your action in giving publicity to the matter, while at the same time there is the warmest expressions of approval respecting the firm's prompt and generous treatment. There has been no further mention of deductions for pass or any other purpose. The boys seem to be confirmed in their belief that the principals must have been unaware of the state of affairs.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A "JOHN BULL" DAME.

How I am longing for the League to start its work! I feel like the princess after her long sleep, when she awoke at the touch of the prince. I have so far lived apart from the rest of the world. My father, in the prime of life, was left a widower, with four little girls. He was a man with a deep and vast experience of the world and its ways, and finding himself left alone to rear his girls, selected the quietest and most out-of-the-way village imaginable; and, having sufficient money to live in retirement, settled, miles from town or railway, with a poor, ignorant housekeeper, to guard us from the world. We never had a friend outside our family, never being allowed out alone on any occasion. Upon leaving school we were all kept at home, our father always escorting us when we went out. He was a very reserved, reticent man, and had nothing in common with us, regarding us as simply girls, fit for nothing but the home; we never read book or paper if he could help it, as he thought all we ought to know was about domestic things. In my early twenties I married a cousin who chanced to visit us, and had he not done so, I cannot see how I should otherwise have left home during my father's lifetime. Then I came to London, entirely ignorant of life and its problems, and for the next few years was kept busy by yearly little strangers arriving. These tied me to the home, and I was not free to be a companion to my husband in his leisure, who could not settle down to spending it with a woman and babies, so joined a club, and all his spare time is spent there. The result of the environment of my early years has been that I have found it impossible to make friends. I have lived all my married life, ten years, in one place, but have never visited or received visits, and although greatly longing for friendly society I have not had sufficient confidence to make one friend. Consequently I just set myself to find out as much as possible of cosmology in its various branches, and my companions have been the works of the most enlightened and advanced thinkers of to-day, but I have never been able to exchange views with anyone. So I am waiting for the League.

Medium is Medium and Best is Best.

If you were given the choice between Medium or Best of anything, which would you take?

We give you no choice, we offer only the best.

B.D.V. Cigarettes,

10 for 2½d.

Are the best obtainable,

So why trouble about anything e'se?

TRY THEM TO-DAY AND SUPPORT Godfrey Phillips, the Smokers' Friend.

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—L.

We publish below a letter of an ex-bank clerk, to which we direct attention. The writer is a young man of 28 years of age, who until the beginning of the present year had been in the employment of one of the leading banks for 11 years, save a period of two years and three months when he was serving in South Africa, with the consent of his employers, and presumably with their approval. On his return to this country he resumed his duties at the bank upon a salary of £90 per annum. He married, and it is not surprising to learn that he quickly got into debt. Most of the banks prohibit their staff from marrying until they have an income sufficiently large to procure the necessaries of life for the wife and potential family. But apparently the bank in question is an exception to this rule, or, it may be, its directors are of frugal mind, and think that a young man living in London with an income of £90 a year, is amply provided for the purposes of married life.

Be that as it may, what might have been expected followed. The young man got behind in his payments. Then there was the resort to the moneylenders, and the usual anxiety consequent upon such association. The poor fellow did his best to keep up the payments, and was struggling on and stumbling, but still struggling, when the moneylender, irritated, we suppose, at the failure to pay on the due date, informed the bank that the young man had had a loan transaction with him. Thereupon, the bank, following a well-known rule of banks, dismissed its servant.

We are not saying that this bank rule, that men in their employment must be able to pay their way, is not a wholesome and even a necessary rule. The temptations put in the way of the bank clerk harassed and pressed by creditors are exceptionally great, and perhaps it is true kindness on the part of the bank to make it known that he who goes to a moneylender risks his situation. But what are we to say of a great bank—in this case one of the greatest in the kingdom—which, after 11 years' faithful service, gives a servant £90 per annum? If we said what we thought about it we should use some Saxon English that might shock some of our more refined readers, and so we leave it to them, and to the public generally, to say what they think about it in their own way:—

I was a bank clerk, and from the age of seventeen up to last January I have been in the employ of one of the largest banks now in existence, with the exception of two years and three months, when I served in South Africa during the late Boer War.

I am now twenty-eight years of age, married, and have one child of fourteen months, and another expected very shortly.

On my return from South Africa, with an excellent character, I was, at the age of twenty-two years, sent to a London branch by the bank on a very small salary (£90 per annum), and owing to the expenses of living in London and having to keep up appearances necessary to my position, I got into debt and went to moneylenders to help me out of my difficulties, and hoped to get straight, but only made matters worse. The fact of my having dealings with moneylenders becoming known to my employers, and, notwithstanding that my friends offered to discharge my liabilities and guarantee me in the future, I was compelled to resign my position at once, and so now I am without means.

I have had a good education, and my late employers have never had cause for complaint as to my conduct in any respect whilst in their employment.

Since January I have been trying in every way to get employment, but have met with no success whatever, and am at my wit's end what to do.

I can keep any sort of accounts as kept by bankers, or do any sort of clerical or secretary's work, and can give satisfactory references as to my honesty and sobriety.

I should be most thankful for any sort of post to enable me to support my wife and children, and I should be very grateful if you would give my letter space in your columns in the hope that someone will give me a chance.

BEFORE YOU LEAP.

Oh! do not wed for sordid gain,
Nor yet at passion's call;
Probe deeply to the heart of Jane
Ere words retractless fall!
Be bound in bonds of fellowship—
The foot within the slipper,—
And find a *mate* for your life-trip—
But see that you're the Skipper!

R. C. THARP.

GERSON, HAMSON & COMPANY, LIMITED.

Norfolk House, Laurence Pountney Hill, Cannon Street, London.

Telegraphic Address: "ESPONJAS, LONDON."

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An operator bought on February 22nd, 20 shares Steel Common and had to pay as a cover in respect thereof 2 per cent., or £8. He sold on June 5th at 69¼, his profit consequently being 22½ per cent., or £90. He therefore received back £90 plus the money paid over for cover, £8—*i.e.*, £98. If the market, however, had, for instance, *declined* 22½ per cent., then his loss would not have exceeded the 2 per cent., or £8.

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CHAT ON 'CHANGE.

This book, compiled by a leading financial expert, will be sent gratis and post free on mentioning this paper.

It is a complete handbook and guide for the use of those who wish to study the various methods of Stock Exchange operations.

A careful perusal of these pages will enable the reader to thoroughly grasp the different methods in which to open an account. Being written in plain and easy language, it can be readily understood by everybody. Read carefully page 46.

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

"Lucien Guitry."

There is no actor on any stage who gives more deeply thought-out studies of his art than Lucien Guitry.

Ever since he made his début at the Théatre du Gymnase as Armand Duval in "La Dame aux Camellas," his magnificent dramatic power and intellectuality have compelled the public attention.

I wonder why he has been so sadly misunderstood in this country? How on earth can anyone compare Guitry's Coupeau in "L'Assommoir" with Charles Warner's conception of the French author's character.

Zola's "L'Assommoir," terrible and sordid as it may be, was a great literary achievement; his Coupeau was never a bad man remember, but a poor wretch to be pitied, a miserable creature who, owing to a series of misfortunes, was unable to obtain work, and through enforced idleness had slowly drifted down the demoralising path of drunkenness. When not under the influence of drink, Coupeau was all remorse, repentance, and tenderness itself to his dearly loved wife and children.

Charles Warner was magnificent—*melodramatically* only. Guitry is magnificent—both melodramatically and intellectually.

All the brain interest that was eliminated from the dramatic version of Zola's book, Guitry has endeavoured—and most successfully without a doubt—to convey through his acting. No one understands the value of subdued force better than he; no one knows better how to play a scene for all it is worth when the situation demands it.

It sounds to me very much as if Lucien Guitry is not going to be appreciated in London to the extent he should be, and all because he is such a grand master of the art of self-restraint.

Now can anything be finer than his performance in "Le Voleur"?—a bad play, as I said before it ever came to this country, but one that possesses wonderful opportunities for the two leading artists; and how Monsieur Guitry's superb acting in the bedroom scene can be compared to the English interpretation is even more incomprehensible to me than the comparison between Charles Warner and the French actor.

However, Monsieur Guitry says he is delighted with the welcome he is receiving at the Adelphi Theatre, so if Box and Cox are satisfied, why should anybody else grumble? But this is not the first time by a good many that Lucien Guitry has been to London. A few years ago he came amongst us regularly as Sarah Bernhardt's leading man.

Guitry, who took over the Renaissance from Sarah Bernhardt when she acquired her present theatre in the Place du Chatelet, has scored nothing but triumphs since his able hands controlled the reins of management. He is the proud father of a clever son—Sacha Guitry—a writer of many promising plays.

A Case for the Censor!

"A *good* play can do more good relatively than a good sermon," remarked one of England's greatest critics, and if this be true, think of the irrevocable harm a dirty, vicious play can do.

I read with disgust and horror of the success of Clyde Fitch's nauseating drama at the Garrick Theatre, and furthermore that companies to illustrate this degrading and indecent exhibition of abandoned womanhood are about to be rehearsed and sent into the provinces.

Censor, or no Censor, Mr. Redford, or no Mr. Redford, I say, unhesitatingly, that such a vile scene of debauchery as occurs in "A Woman in the Case" should never have been permitted in a London; theatre it is the nastiest and most degenerate stuff ever seen on a reputable West End stage, and should have been denounced immediately with hisses and groans.

Tempora mutantur—alas! how's it all going to end?

A Juvenile Opera Company at Terry's.

The last time I had the pleasure of seeing the "City of Rome" Children's Opera Company was in the glorious Italian capital itself, when they were enchanting everybody with their charming singing and acting in Sidney Jones's "Geisha"—which is still the most popular comic opera in Italy to-day.

These clever children, with their varied repertoire, are really an artistic treat, and should not only attract the grown-ups to Terry's Theatre in the Strand, but mothers ought not to miss the opportunity of taking their little ones to enjoy this pure and pretty entertainment.

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE.

President: HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

Offices; 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Object. *To oppose Cant and Self-Righteousness, and to promote a robust and self-reliant public opinion, independently of all creeds and parties.*

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BULL'S EYES.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—
Is the City really losing interest over the Budget?
Is the extension of Krupp's a "pieceful" move on Germany's part?
Will the Americans call Maud Allan's performance a "show"?
Is the French Navy administered on English lines?
Don't the Australian cricketers find our weather the worst Test?
Did the Bishop of London preach on Hampstead Heath to broaden his views?
Is the roughness of the Channel due to its being so often crossed?
Does Phelps, the would-be "Friend of India," call the negro "brother" in America?
Why not send a few missionaries to Liverpool?
Isn't the Naval Pageant very like a "confidence trick"?

A parrot escaped, and lodged on a steeple. Now, if it had perched on the pulpit!

We read that Noble is a dentist by profession. Does he always draw the stumps?

Turner's palette was recently sold for 24 guineas. Evidently to someone with an artistic taste.

A firm of brewers have established a new "quantity" for their houses, to be known as a "Small Lloyd George." Swallowing the measure in the right spirit.

A chicken with four legs has been born at Chiddingfold. Wonderful feat!

We are told that no sound could possibly be heard on the moon. Shooting it usually noiseless.

Lieutenant Shackleton, the papers tell us, was warmly received on his return from the South Pole. Very appropriate.

The Aerial League, which intends to appeal to the public for funds, surely ought to know how to raise the wind.

"The Czar's Cruise," we read. Does it contain oil for troubled waters?

A temperance drink, says Mr. Bottomley, is "a luxury with a nasty taste."

"London is the place where the companies come from," says R. Wilson. And its initial is the place where a lot of them go to.

The headline, "Church Services in a Public House," appears to indicate a real attempt to make worship attractive.

Germany's motor-cars number 41,727. No wonder she wants airships.

Curious that when a nervous man plays cricket he usually gets bold.

"Marriage is the goal of the strong woman," says Alphonse Courlander. And the gaol of the weak man.

Mr. Justice Grantham has been thrown from his horse. Apparently the animal objected to the judge's ruling.

At Stafford Police Court it was stated that a man tried to sell his wife for a shilling. She couldn't have been very dear.

A Willesden policeman has been robbed of his purse while on duty Caught napping?

"Where the Soap Goes," reads a *Star* heading. Into one's eye, usually.

The Times describes the Press as the nervous system of the Empire. No wonder it gets so run down.

The man who was fined £2 at West London for kissing a woman "against her will" deserved it. Hadn't the lady a mouth?

According to the Bishop of Rochester, when Bishops are provided with aeroplanes, promotion will be more rapid in the Church. More dyings will mean more livings, in fact?

At Willesden, a woman complained that her husband had spent all his old-age pension on oysters. Shellfish man.

The Frenchman who left money for masses on behalf of persons killed by motor-cars probably thought the *drivers* past praying for.

Lord Curzon alludes to the editor at the Press Conference as "the rails of Empire." Some of them, no doubt, are lively railers.

Kent has been beaten for the first time this year, by Worcestershire. The hoppers are not quite so Blythe now.

"Burnt Wings" is the name of a new book. The story of a little flutter, we presume.

It is said that a new game is required for girls. But the little dears are up to too many already.

A Sheffield man, served with a writ for breach of promise, put it in his pocket and forgot all about it. Trifles like that worry some people.

"The comfortable Dutch neck will remain in fashion for a long time," we are told. It is, in fact, quite the cheese.

The holiday-makers who chased a hare along the beach at Yarmouth recently must have been smart trippers.

"Twin Boom in the City," reads a headline. This ought to increase the number of berths.

LAMB & MINT SAUCE

A delightful dish when in season, but expensive unless economically carved. Blunt Cutlery spoils a dainty well-cooked joint, while a service of Genuine Sheffield Knives and Forks makes the table attractive, and through efficient carving the joint goes further and is more enjoyed. When supplied Direct from the Factory, the cost is moderate, and our remarkable Easy Monthly Payment Offer enables to you settle the account without the slightest effort.

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HAPPY AND STRONG

are the men who were once ill and weak, who were always nervous and trembling, and who never knew what it was to enjoy peaceful sleep through Neurasthenia, etc.

They are now free from pain, and awake refreshed and full of energy, are light-hearted and self-confident, and the secret is

DAMAROIDS—THAT'S ALL.

This grand force is the only natural restorative; the only certain means of curing ailments of a nervous and debilitating character. All who suffer in this way should lose no time in investigating the claims of "DAMAROIDS." They fill the body with nerve-life, warm the blood, and restore both physical and mental energy. In order to prove our claims, and that the public may know more about "DAMAROIDS," we are prepared to send a FREE SAMPLE and interesting pamphlet to those interested in the development of vigorous manhood.

Do not delay! Call if you can. If you can't call, cut out this advertisement and send it to us to-day, and we will mail you the book and sample by return, if you enclose two stamps for packing and postage.

"DAMAROIDS" are to be obtained at 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per box, or the Special Extra Strong, 11s. per box, which take effect in a few minutes. Call or write, "J. B." HYGIENIC STORES, LTD., 95, Charing Cross Road, London. Tel.: 13215 Central.

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JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," and* ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc., which will be duly acknowledged.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write names and addresses upon the back of their work. The Editor can accept no responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* **when stamped, addressed envelopes are sent for the purpose.**

The EDITOR *can express no opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

"ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S VOLUNTEERS" (Bromley) thinks boy scouts may help to ward off conscription. In that case, good luck to them. But we are afraid they may soon tire of the game.

H. F. C. (West Kensington) travelled from Southend on Whit Monday. The carriage was hot and overcrowded, and a young lady was sick over his new suit of light grey clothes. He claimed £5 10s. damages from the Midland Railway, which denied liability. H. F. C. might argue that the company was responsible for the overcrowding which caused the sickness, but a lawsuit would be long and expensive. Better wear oilskins another time.

"DICK-O'TOM-O'BONS" (Liverpool) writes about "Unser Admiral Ludwig Prinz von Battenberg." Hoch!

"PHŒNIX" (Clerkenwell) says Scotland Yard is responsible for the discontinuance of processions by Friendly and Temperance Societies, because collecting boxes have been prohibited. He wants a juvenile section of the John Bull League. That may also come, but the League must be born before it can have children.

H. C. (Glasgow) wants us to "give *Punch* a rest," and adds, "*Punch* is very fast asleep." How, then, can we give what has already been taken?

B. D. W. (Wallington).—The fact of your being "a mere clerk, and, therefore, as all the world knows, a mere machine," does not disqualify you for the John Bull League, which will fill you with the oil of gladness.

A. O. (Forest Gate).—They are quire right. If they added ½d. to the price of the ounce of tobacco, it would cost 5½d. As it is, ¾ oz. for 4½d. is equivalent to 1 ounce for 5 ⅓th.

"FREDERIC" (Wimbledon).—We have often warned readers against the Gerrard Stencil Manufacturing Co., of Catford.

S. S. N. (Westerham Hill) says there is "a very grave danger of civil war" and loss of colonies if the Lords interfere with the Budget. We don't think."

"FOR REST" writes:—"If the landed gentry are forced to sell the land on account of the Budget, who is fool enough to buy it from them?" But small holdings might be profitable where large estates do not pay.

"SCOTCH DRAPER" (Stockton-on-Tees) writes: "I must enter an emphatic protest against your scurrilous and mischievous article. If you are an Englishman, I challenge you to disclose the identity of your contributor." But an Englishman does not betray confidences. The following argument is, however, plausible: "If the credit drapers' connection were made up generally of such people as your contributor imagines and describes, the offending travelling draper would soon become extinct." Perhaps he will.

C. W. P. (Ramsgate).—Sunday is not "the seventh day," as you suggest. No one wants to "force" other people to work on Sunday. What do you mean by "rest"? A day up the river is rest for those who have been on office stools all the week. We do not agree that national prosperity and Sabbath observance are connected. Indeed, the Puritan Sunday is unknown outside English-speaking lands, and is not even 300 years old with us. We admire good people, but not goody-goody ones. Does this answer all your points?

A. B. (Southsea) writes:—"Government Dishonesty and Duplicity.—Sir,—I want to know how it is that the Government of this country can find £10,000 for Holbein's painted canvas, yet can't find 5d. per diem for an old-aged Greenwich pensioner. Can you help to solve the riddle?" We give it up.

K. C. (Dublin) corroborates our complaint about the local police force and says:—"Things are going from bad to worse. Daily in the police courts, trivial charges are brought up against licensed houses. The police here have now nothing to do except pay periodical visits three and four times per week to the numerous licensed houses in the city, walking into the bar and private portions, a thing that would not be tolerated in London. I am told the Commissioner is a strict T.T., and his whole time and energy is spent on the unfortunate hotels and pubs., much to the disgust of the police, who hate the duty."

"ANTI-CANT" (Tunbridge).—Sir Edmund Verney, who recently insulted the King, is not the present Member for North Bucks. He was expelled the House in 1891. Mr. F. W. Verney, M.P., is his younger brother.

S. J. G. (Fulham) puts in a plea for porters and packers who work under the living-in system, and whose conditions, both as regards hours, food, etc., are, he says, infinitely worse than those of the shop assistants.

A. C. L. (Plymouth) answered an advertisement in a local paper offering homework. He found that a *sine qui non* was the purchase of a fountain pen from the Stylo Supply Co., 82, Wells Street, London, W., who offer purchasers the addressing of envelopes at 2s. 6d. a thousand. As this sum is about three times the usual rate of remuneration, we strongly advise A. C. L. to have nothing to do with the concern.

J. S. (Crouch End) says that "every unbiassed man outside Colney Hatch knows that the Lords dare not tamper with Lloyd George's charter of progress." We are afraid that in a few months Colney Hatch will be very full.

MR. BEN TILLETT writes strongly approving of the proposed formation of the John Bull League, which he thinks will "represent the best of the John Bull instinct—an instinct which made the nation against the greatest odds any country had to deal with." He thinks, however, we shall have "the fiercest fight of history, in attempting a tussle with cant." But we like fierce fights.

C. L. P. (Shepherd's Bush) complains that the Exhibition has brought a very undesirable class of persons into the neighbourhood, and gives us particulars of molestation to which he and his wife have been subjected by certain foreigners who have taken up their quarters next door to them, and against whom they have already had to apply for police protection.

H. D. W. (Felixstowe) says Howell and Co., Publishers (32, Newgate Street, E.C.), sent representatives round the provinces to sell Dickens at £2 2s. a set. A friend of "H. D. W." ordered a set, but cancelled the order as he did not receive anything. Now Howell and Co. are dunning for the money and threatening proceedings. If the books were never received, there is no claim.

"JOSEY" (Portsmouth).—We hope to welcome you and many of your friends as members of the John Bull League, which will be a non-party organization.

H. C. (Ingatestone) writes: "Knowledge is the only thing to convince one how ignorant one is." We hope he will soon acquire some knowledge about vivisection.

E. C. (St. George's Hospital) says that, during five years as a medical student, he never committed a single act of cruelty to any animal, and that during three years in the laboratories of a "so-called vivisector," he never saw any act of cruelty to any animal. Yes, but what is cruelty? Anyhow, we never said that all medical students were cruel.

"A LOVER OF ANIMALS" (Forest Hill) writes: "Do you know that it is a libel on the brute creation to call that butcher a brute?"

W. G. P. (Sevenoaks) AND OTHERS.—Probably the mother in the "Sub Rosa" story had been taught to read backwards. Or else she took the boys to a looking-glass.

J. M. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Many Catholics compliment us on our fairness.

R. W. C. (Finsbury Square) complains of the delay by the Revenue authorities in making repayments in connection with exemption and abatement claims. A claim he made last August was only satisfied on June 16th.

H. W D. (Battersea).—"What do the authorities say?" was our way of affording the other side an opportunity to explain. We note your denial of neglect, starvation, and brutality at the Wandsworth, Clapham and Battersea Infirmary; also your statement that the sick poor find kindness and comfort there.

S. J. N. (Ipswich) says he will take the risk when he meets us, but not of the new measure. More power to his elbow!

"FISHMAN" (Grimsby) writes:—"Dir Sir—In reply to W. H. in your ensue of June 5th complains of the treatment of fishmen, Sir, I think that the fishmen have only themself to thank for their present condition." He thinks they should organise and hold out for their rights.

G. B. R. (Prescot).—Certainly, the J.B. League will discourage scaremongers. We do not think there will ever be a danger of our food-supplies being cut off.

P. (Ware) is another sufferer from the Chiswick Stamp Co. He paid 5s. and received nothing.

"ANNOYED" (Cardiff).—Jim Crow thought he was taking up the cudgels on behalf of parsons. Read him again, and you will see there was no attack. He bemoaned their luckless lot.

J. W. R. (Brixton).—If you think Mrs. Baillie-Saunders' reply "utter rubbish," is it not rather unkind to attribute the authorship to Crow? But Mrs. Baillie-Saunders is one of our best novelists.

R. S. M. (Camberwell).—The Editor of the *Review of Rev'ews* should be an authority on old "women of both sexes."

W. J. (Southampton West) says that people who advertise jams as "improved with fruit juice" are humbugs, the fruit-juice being an adulteration.

E. W. A. (Motcomb Street) had trouble with the Chiswick Rubber Co., but eventually obtained his stamp.

L. E. S. (Sevenoaks) sends us a specimen of a lead pencil, bearing the stamp "H. B. CRESCENS ROBINSON AND CO., LONDON," which he correctly assumes would give anyone the impression that the pencil was British made. He, however, directs our attention to the fact that upon turning the pencil round, it is possible, with the aid of a strong magnifying glass, to discern the following inscription, "M.I. Bavaria"—which, presumably, means "Made in Bavaria." This looks much like an evasion of the Merchandise Marks Act. Perhaps Messrs. Robinson will explain.

M. C. B. (Elgin Avenue) replies to A. B. (Highbury): "Before acquiring a few second-hand brains for my empty head, will he add to his kindness and tell me whether they shall be German, French, Russian or Finnish brains? He has every right to consider me insane, as we English act like madmen in admitting shoals of his undesirable compatriots to devour our people's livelihood, but other and more thoughtful European nations will, curiously enough, have none of the Jew except as a hated alien. So signs of acute insanity are rampant all over Europe."

J. E. L. (Bow) calls upon us for an explanation of what he calls our favourable references in times past to the One and All Insurance Society and the London and Paris Exchange. If, however, he will refer to our back numbers, he will find that such references were very qualified in their character. J. E. L. also thinks the salaries paid to municipal surveyors and other officials very excessive, when big firms of contractors have splendid engineers employed for half the money.

G. E. W. (Ponder's End) sends us some verses and solicits our criticism. His work is perhaps conventional, but it compares favourably with the kind of doggerel to which the Editor of the *Times* attributes "accomplishment."

C. V. B. (Pitsea) and others took us seriously when we said we were moved to wonder why a glass used for concentrating solar heat did not crack. Nothing like pulling our readers' legs now and then.

J. A. (London) wishes to know whether the John Bull League will have branches in the Overseas Dominions. We must first, however, get the home department in working order.

M. R. (Northampton).—Sorry we overlooked the centenary of good old Thomas Paine—the author of Old Age Pensions.

WILL YOU GIVE 2 MINUTES PER DAY AND 14 MINUTES PER WEEK

FOR A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR?

Everything Else Will Be Handed to You as a Free Gift.

The hair is a part of the body that is full of life and vitality. But if you want to *keep it full of life and vitality*, or if you want to restore it to *full life and full vitality*—if it has become dull, discoloured, thin, lustrous (all signs of hair - ill - health)—you have to care and tend it for a few minutes (two minutes daily is sufficient) every day, and to see that it lives a daily healthy life.

It is, therefore, much easier (if you follow the plan given hereafter) to restore or preserve the beauty, health, and luxuriance of the hair than to do likewise for the health in general. For if your body is ill, two minutes a day will not be sufficient to restore it to health. But two minutes a day is all that is required to keep the hair luxuriant and glossy and beautiful, to stop it from falling out, to return its colour if it has become grey or white or otherwise dull and discoloured, to grow it again if you are troubled with either total or partial baldness.

The hair, we have said, is naturally full of life and vitality.

But neglect will kill anything—even hair itself.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" is the origination of that leading Royal and Court Hair Specialist of the day—Mr. Edwards, the creator of the famous Harlene-for-the-Hair which "every woman knows" and every man (who has tried it) appreciates.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" is the concentrated result of years of experience and study of the hair, its disorders, and its requirements! And the result of Hair-Drill is beautiful, luxuriant hair, as thousands of men and women have proved for themselves.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" only requires two or three minutes' practice every morning. Its rules are quite simple to follow, and as effective as they are simple, and if you decide to practise it the results will surpass all your expectations.

If you are troubled with baldness (patchy or otherwise), "Harlene Hair-Drill" will grow strong, luxuriant, glossy, and beautiful hair in a marvellously short time.

If you are troubled with greyness, or if your hair is in any way gradually losing its colour (what a tragedy it is to a woman—the tragedy of her lost years!—and what a handicap to a man in this too-old-at-forty age), "Harlene Hair-Drill" will stop the greying or the whitening process and restore the hair to its natural, youthful, healthy colour.

If your hair is falling out—"Harlene Hair-Drill" will stop the fall.

If your hair is getting thin — "Harlene Hair-Drill" will make it thick and luxuriant.

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If your hair is scurfy—"Harlene Hair-Drill" will remove these hair-destroying deposits and render the scalp clean, healthy, and refreshed.

If you are troubled with Irritation of the Scalp—"Harlene Hair-Drill" will stop the irritation altogether, and that from the first day you use it.

Are you doubtful that "Harlene Hair-Drill" will do all this that is claimed for it?

Two minutes daily only are necessary to effect a wonderful improvement in the hair. We should take as much care of our hair as we now do of our skin and teeth. In order to enable every person desirous of improving the condition of his or her hair to judge the value of this daily care, Mr. Edwards, the Royal Hair Specialist, is giving away thousands of free outfits containing 1 Sample Harlene, 1 packet Cremex Shampoo Powder, 1 fully illustrated manual of instructions for the practice of Harlene Hair-Drill. All the reader has to do is to fill up and send the accompanying coupon, and by return of post he or she will be sent the free package.

Why, then, you can try it for the space of Seven Days—*free of all cost whatever.*

No charge will be made for this week's trial—so confident is Mr. Edwards that you will continue the "Harlene Hair-Drill" once you have commenced it and experienced its wonderful benefits (benefits which you will notice directly you begin to try it).

If you fill up the coupon below and hand it in at the address given, Mr. Edwards will present you,

FREE OF ANY CHARGE OR OBLIGATION WHATEVER,

a Complete Outfit for One Week's "Harlene Hair-Drill," containing:

(1) Full Rules and directions for the "Harlene Hair-Drill."

(2) Bottle of "Harlene" for the Hair—containing sufficient Harlene for seven days' trial.

(3) Sample packet of Cremex, a preparation for cleansing the hair and scalp. Six additional packets of Cremex may be obtained by enclosing P.O.O. for 1s.

If it is not convenient to make the personal call you can post the coupon (with threepence in stamps to cover cost of postage to any part of the world), and a complete outfit will be at once dispatched to your address so as to enable you to start the Hair-Drill the day after to-morrow.

Further supplies of Harlene may be obtained from all leading chemists and stores in 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles, or direct (by sending postal order) from the offices of Edwards' Harlene Co., 95-96, High Holborn, W.C.

JOHN BULL, July 3, 1909.

Messrs. EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
95-96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

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This coupon entitles its Holder to a Complete Outfit for One Week's Free Trial of the celebrated "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" for Growing and Beautifying the Hair.

Fill in your name and address in the space provided below, address as above, and post with 3d. in stamps for postage to any Part of the World (or call personally and save the Postage).

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You are adding considerably to the value of your tooth-cleaning by first dipping the brush into a tin of

Calvert's Tooth Powder

Price 6d., 1/-, 1/6 & 5/-. If you prefer to sprinkle the Powder on to the tooth-brush, ask for our new package—a glass jar with sprinkler top, 1/- nett. For trial sample send a penny stamp to F. C. Calvert & Co. (JB Dept.), Manchester.

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Miracletts

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A Guaranteed Cure for Nervous Weakness.

Thousands of sufferers are sending for these wonderful little tablets and being cured—thoroughly cured of all kinds of nervous, Stomach, Liver and Kidney complaints Rheumatic Affections, Organic Weakness &c. They are a quick, safe and certain remedy, a real elixir of life. In bottles, 1/1½, 2/9, 4/6 and 11/-. Send P.O. direct to us to-day. We will return your money if not quite satisfied. Dept. U.

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For modern office use, AZURYTE is incomparable as a writing Fluid. Try it in your Fountain Pen.

All Stationers sell it. In Bottles 1d. to 3/- each.

F. MORDAN and CO., 326, City Road, London.

Apropos our recent paragraph in reference to the non-payment by the British Key and Property Registry of the 5s. offered to the finders of keys insured with them, it is pointed out on behalf of the Company that it is stated on the labels that the reward will only be paid on the restoration of the keys to the owner; that in this case the owner had not paid his premium, and that his whereabouts cannot be traced. We are informed that, as a matter of grace, the Company's inspector frequently in such cases calls upon the finder and gives a gratuity, and we understand that H. E. has now received 2s. 6d. in this way. It's a pity the inspector did not call on H. E. between March 31st (when a visit from him was promised) and May 5th, when H. E. communicated with us.

G. C. (Muswell Hill) says that Lord Egerton of Tatton was obliged to impose restrictions on account of the rowdiness of visitors to Rostherne.

W. L. R. informs T. G. (Manchester) that there is a Devonian Club there at 1, Highfield Terrace, Cleveland Road, Crumpsall.

"LAW" (London) takes us to task for our quotation "*Ignorantia non excusat legem*,' which he contends should be "*ignorantia legis neminem excusat*." We are not very good Latin scholars but should give perhaps a short head in favour of the second-named horse. He also upbraids our Editor for speaking, in "Bottomley's Book," of the Lord Mayor's Court—instead of the Mayor's Court. But we always like to be polite to the City authorities.

A. H. N. (Croydon) wants to know if a list of London cab-fares is attached to every German soldier's rifle in order to assist him in range-finding. Fancy asking such a simple question!

F. A. P. (New Wandsworth).—"The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge in Old Scotland Yard" sounds indeed a desperate and forlorn missionary hope.

J. F., a bootmaker, says, "Kindly tell me how it is I can make boots to measure and guarantee a fit for ten shillings and sixpence." We give it up, but will he kindly tell us how we can sell a five-guinea JOHN BULL every week for a penny? That is something like a puzzle.

W. G. D. (Clapham Junction).—We are keeping our eye on that 50-horse-power chauffeur. He sounds very hot.

J. H. K. S. (Blackburn) complains that medical men are often exploited. What about their patients? What is the definition of a quack and how does he differ from a qualified man? But, of course, we know that many medical men are very good fellows, and we can tell from our correspondent's letter that he is one of the best.

"ENQUIRER" (Acton) wants to know the value of Goldsmith's Poetical Works, dated 1798. We bid 3d.

J. P. (Wood Green) wants to tax coal. That sounds all right at this time of year.

"JOKING JENKINS" says there is an L.C.C. penalty of 40s. for spitting. He adds: "Send along the £2 (or the month) and I will spit right heartily." Where?

C. H. R. F. (Queen's Club) says an ancestor lost his estates through being born abroad when the parents were in the service of Edward I. What a scandal! Why not go to law about it?

C. N. (Streatham).—We should not think many people would put up £300 to get a job as secretary at £52 a year. The offer is not a very dangerous one, as handsome things go.

"MAC O'SMITH (Bromley) wants a biscuit for a cyclometer with 5 figures, claiming to record 9,999 miles. But the fifth figure refers to furlongs.

"SHELLITE" (Durham) says he has never seen petrol in a beer-jar. He must live in hops. Pish!

"BASSEIN" (Glasgow) says only the most exemplary reserve soldiers are employed by the Post Office, and then only for the first and last deliveries, with a poor chance of a regular job. Their wages are the same as those of ex-telegraph messengers, aged 16, except that the reservist receives neither boots nor uniform. Our correspondent concludes: "Mr. Haldane thinks the action of the P.O. authority sufficiently generous already. If you think the same, Mr. Editor, I will go to some secluded spot and kick myself for an ungrateful ——." We must spare him that unhappy fate.

"WALLACE" (Wellington).—Our Editor will be in your neighbourhood very shortly, and will be delighted to personally listen to the rest of your criticism. Meanwhile, he is encouraged by your words.

R. C. B. (Lower Heysham) says railway men's objection to Sunday work is not due to Sabbatarianism. Surely his Trade Union can protect him if he is overworked. If not, why not?

G. J. (Dalston) defends British cigars and says they cannot be matched by foreign ones at double the price. We don't smoke.

S. B. (St. Leonard's-on-Sea) went to prison in default of paying a fine for an offence against the bye-laws of the Tramway Company. She says, "As soon as I can raise the money, I mean to employ the cleverest and most rascally lawyer I can find and bring an action for false imprisonment." Here's luck!

H. C. (Rhondda) says the band of the Welsh Regiment has played three hymns every Sunday for the last 100 years. How many does that make? *(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)*

TRADE NOTE.

"When May is out" is the proverbial time for shedding winter garments and donning the light frocks and suits of summer, and dressmakers' and tailors' bills are apt to come heavy at this period. Many people will specially be glad to have a hint of how the expense may be kept down this year—when the Budget is threatening everybody's pocket. The secret is dry-cleaning, by means of which last year's clothes can be made not only as serviceable, but even as attractive in appearance as they were when new. The process only takes a few days, and costs but a few shillings; nor is there any danger of injury to the fabric, always provided that the work is given to a sound firm. Achille Serre, of Hackney Wick, whose branches and agencies are so well known all over the country, have practised the process for many years past with the greatest success, and ladies and gentlemen who wish to economise successfully will be well advised to send some, at any rate, of last year's garments to their works, or to one of the agents, who will forward them on free of charge. If sent to the Head Office at Hackney Wick, Messrs. Serre pay carriage one way. They have issued two very neat booklets, giving full particulars and prices, entitled "For All Men" and "The Art of Cleaning and Dyeing," one or both of which will be sent free to anyone who writes for them.

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BUCHANAN'S POPULAR 'SCOTCH'

By Royal Warrants

CEREBOS
SALT
GUARANTEED
Pure, Wholesome and Beneficial.
Approved and recommended by the British Analytical Control.—Feb. 1909.

FREE TO THE RUPTURED

We will send free to anyone who is ruptured, a free trial of our famous home cure. It is a marvellous method, curing cases that defied hospitals, doctors, trusses, electricity and all else. Merely send your name and address on the coupon, and the free trial will be sent without any cost to you whatever. Mr. R. Wharton, 52, Domestic Street, Holbeck, Leeds, was ruptured 7 years. He tried this method, and has worn no truss for over 6 years; Mr. G. Thomas, 1, Station Road, Llansamlet, Glams., was ruptured 40 years. Has now worn no truss in 6 years. Mr. W. Lockwood, Tanton, Downham, Brandon, Suffolk, ruptured 30 years, not worn truss for 5 years; Mr. J. Payne, 10, Kimberley Road, Fleetville, St. Albans, Herts., ruptured 8 years, used the Rice Method and has worn no truss for 6 years; Mr. W. Croom, 15, Stoney Street, Beeston, Notts., not worn a truss for nearly 8 years; Mr. J. Stein, 68, Warwick Street, New Cross, London, S.E., cured by the Rice Method after an operation failed.

R. WHARTON.

These men were cured by the Rice Method. Send coupon for full particulars.

COUPON (A154).

Cut out and post to WM. S. RICE, R. S., Ltd, 6 & 8, Stanecutter Street, London, E.C.

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"Since commencing the Complete Architectural Course with you I have been given control of the entire office business of ———, Contractors and Builders, Leicester. Before enrolling I was a general bookkeeper and cashier in the same office. **My salary has been doubled.**"

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Please send me, without further obligation on my part, your free booklet entitled "Proof Positive," and explain how I can qualify for employment or advancement in the position before which I have marked X, or gain a knowledge of the subject:

Bookkeeper	Electrician	Textile Mill Supt.
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Street .....

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THE GREAT RESTORATIVE,

Exhilarates and refreshes the tired and languid body, giving life and vitality to the entire system. When run down, despondent, when work seems irksome, try a glassful of "Wincarnis" three times a day, or take it with a dash of soda-water. It will put new life into the jaded body, brace up the entire nervous system, giving strength and stamina to enable you to feel the joy of living. For invalids, for constitutional weakness, for anæmia and for nervous breakdown it is

AN INCOMPARABLE TONIC,

and has the endorsement of thousands of medical men and nurses and many thousands of the public. As a pick-me-up, or tonic beverage during the summer, it is perfection.

7 Gold Medals, Highest Honours at the Franco-British Exhibition, London, 1908.

By appointment to the King and Queen of Spain.

TEST IT TO-DAY.

TEST IT FREE.

FREE COUPON.

Coleman & Co., Ltd., Norwich. Please send me a trial bottle of Wincarnis. I enclose threepence to cover carriage.

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JOHN BULL, No. 121, July 3, 1909.

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Wincarnis is sold by wine merchants, and licensed chemists and grocers; also by the glass, and in 1s. flasks at Railway Station Refreshment Rooms, Hotels, and High Class Licensed Houses.

Cyclists and Tourists will find Wincarnis very refreshing on their journeys. It lessens fatigue. Try it with a dash of Soda.

Shilling Flasks are now sold by most licensed houses and hotels. They are very handy, and fit the pocket easily. If unable to get one in your district, send P.O. for 1s. direct.

RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA
("*Larry Lynx*" *of* THE PEOPLE, *and* "*Magpie*" *of* THE GLOBE.)

A Warning to Backers.

For a long time the firm of Arnold and Wood have been flooding the country with betting circulars, and, like most of those firms who address little punters unsolicited, or even get their advertisements accepted by certain papers—particularly the smaller country issues—have carried on the usual game of "all receive and no pay." Their victims having become so numerous, the firm have now had the audacity to send round a stereotyped memorandum to the effect that their financial difficulties have been rendered acute by further reverses (can "reverses" matter when no payment is made?) and the hostile action of clients. They profess that they proposed making an arrangement for settlement by convenient instalments, but I have been in receipt of a perfect flood of letters from their customers, to all of whom they have been pleading this in turn as they became indebted to them. A suggestion that they will re-open business in London is brazenly put forward, while to some clients the only notification has been a printed post-card—without any address beyond "London"—intimating that Arnold and Wood have discontinued their business, and that their offices in Holland are closed. This is truly a convenient and easy "get out" of heavy liabilities, and I hope that a sufficient number of victims will be plucky enough to aid the police in the prosecution that ought to, and, I believe, may ensue.

Prophetic.

The little public, especially stay-at-homes, will be inclined to say "thank goodness!" that Newmarket is almost over before these notes appear, for there is no place more tricky to bet at. As a fact I would sooner suggest our having no interest whatever in the meeting unless it is merely a little upon ALBERT HALL and PRINCE RUPERT in their races. Alexandra Park only suggests the obvious chance of Hayden, despite his 5lbs. penalty, should the little horse go for the London Cup; but my vote is for SEALED ORDERS, as Hayden was very lucky to beat Blackstone at Sandown. Next week is almost a continuation of picnic racing at the Bibury Club meeting, where, with anything like a "bumper" on him, the powerful THE MAJOR will win one of the welter engagements—probably the Bibury Statkes, despite a 5lbs. penalty.

In Thursday's £10,000 race I can foresee both Your Majesty and Siberia going under to

THE NUT,

a vastly improved horse, who gets over a stone, and *must* be better worth support EACH WAY than either of the short-priced favourites. We saw at Ascot that the mare is no "flier," whilst Your Majesty's condition and ability of this season must be taken on trust.

A Mistaken Belief.

Trainers who have won Derbies declare that the Epsom one-and-a-half miles is one of the *hardest* courses in the world, being "on the collar" for the first seven furlongs, while horses to win it *must* stay the distance and be good actioned animals, particularly "daisy cutters" with a stride close to the ground.

Great American 'Winning' Plan

The GREATEST "MONEY MAKING" INSPIRATION OF THE AGE

GOES FOR "BIG" EVENTS. ONLY BACKED 13 HORSES LAST YEAR. BEGAN WITH £1, and ended with A CLEAR PROFIT of £150 TO THE GOOD. Or with £5 A CLEAR PROFIT of £785. Again SCORING HEAVILY this Season. Can be worked "EASILY" AT HOME ANYWHERE. NO TIPS, NO ASSISTANCE NOR EXPENSE, NO DOUBLING, NO CALCULATIONS. TRIFLING CAPITAL. LASTS FOR EVER. BEGIN AT ONCE. A "GOLDEN HARVEST" IN STORE. "THE RACING WORLD" says:—"The Great American Winning Plan is a novel, workable idea." "THE UMPIRE" says:—"It is an excellent, workable and brilliant idea." "One" of many workers writes:—"The 'PLAN' has already this Season put hundreds of pounds into my pocket."—L. J., Cardiff. THE "PLAN" BEING ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE and GENUINE, we will send A FULL COPY of the SIMPLE SECRET, also WORKING PROOF FOR LAST YEAR and a portion of THIS YEAR, on receipt of 5s. and stamped address, with this CLEAR UNDERSTANDING, that if you are not delighted, then return the PLAN at once, and YOUR 5s. will be REFUNDED INSTANTLY. THAT IS THE WAY TO DO HONEST BUSINESS. We have already supplied "JOHN BULLITES" with 1,073 COPIES, and "NOT" ONE RETURNED, but THANKS! THANKS!! THANKS!!! from all sides. ALL DOING WELL. "THE AMERICAN PLAN," 7, Stamford Brook Road, London, W.

A STRAIGHT TALK ON "SYSTEMS," BY HORACE WHITE.

£1,000. £1,000. £1,000. £1,000. £1,000. Have you ever seen a £1,000 Note? My Book contains an exact photographic reproduction of a genuine £1,000 Bank of England Note. All won from the Bookies with a capital of Six Shillings. When you are tired of tips and fancies, write for my Book of remarkable information and convincing Proofs. It is free for stamped address.—ACKLAND HOUSE, Lozell's Road, Handsworth, Staffs.

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The "M. M." is forwarded every Monday by early country mails in plain sealed envelopes for 2/6 per single copy, Four Weeks for 7/6, or Ten weeks for £1. Remainder of Season 50/-.

Special attention is called to the "Midget's" Speciality, the "One-Horse Overnight Code Selection, advertised in all the principal Sporting Papers. As showing the value of these Code Selections we may mention

FIZZER, a Winner at 100 to 6, was coded Extra Good on June 2/09.

For Early, but Inspired Hints for ALL BIG EVENTS, consult "THE MONDAY MIDGET."

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desirous of opening small weekly credit accounts with a reliable Turf Accountant, should apply for rules to **William Crosbie, 45, Broad Street House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.**

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We are grateful for the many congratulations we have received over The 2,000 GNS., CHESTER CUP, THE JUBILEE, NEWMARKET HANDICAP, NEWMARKET STAKES, SOMERSETSHIRE STAKES, THE DERBY, CORONATION CUP, ROYAL STAKES, MANCHESTER CUP, ASCOT, DERBY and NEWBURY CUP.

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THE RACING STUD, 87, High Rd., Turnham Green, London.

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This Week's "Throne and Country."

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This splendid Battery is a positive cure for Rheumatism, Weak Nerves, and Weakness in men and women. Its efficacy has been proven by a thousand cures. It is the most powerful and convenient Electro-Medical Battery ever invented. It requires no charging or other preparation. It is always ready for immediate use. It cannot get out of order, and will last a lifetime. It has cured thousands of cases of Rheumatism, Nerve Exhaustion, General Debility, Vital Weakness and other troubles. It is a positive and certain cure, else we could not offer to send it to you on absolutely Free Trial to be paid for only when cured. It will Positively Cure

Weak Back, Debility, Nervousness, Neurasthenia, Indigestion, Insomnia, Weak Kidneys, Liver and Stomach Troubles, Rheumatism, Gout and Sciatica, Vital Weakness, etc.

We have just published a new descriptive Medical Treatise, fully illustrated in three colours, showing different parts of the body. A Copy will be sent Free, prepaid, in plain sealed cover, to each reader of "John Bull" while they last, so if you are weak or ailing and need treatment, write for one at once. It explains how Nerve Force and Energy are lost, and how they may be regained. If you are fortunate enough to read this advertisement, write us at once. This is the opportunity of a lifetime to secure a free trial of this powerful Medical Battery and this illustrated Medical Book Absolutely Free. Write to-day, and we will forward it to you at once, absolutely Free, post paid. Write at once.

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IT IS THE ONLY PERMANENT ONE SOLUTION HAIR STAIN ON THE MARKET.

In order to give everyone an opportunity of thoroughly testing this renowned preparation we are distributing a certain number of

LARGE TRIAL BOTTLES,

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The following claims have been received for issues of May 1st, 8th, and 15th:—

THOMAS SMITH, Builders' Exchange, Sheffield. (No. 210335, 1st May, 1909.)
W. SAUNDERS, 2, Church Hill, Northfield, near Birmingham. (No. 181630, 8th May, 1909.)
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The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of May 29th:—

4491; 7212; 13687; 25033; 37894; 43193; 48112; 58766; 61899; 63509; 67595; 75890; 84035; 89509; 94189; 103276; 128899; 137872; 153764; 157053; 159655; 167762; 168879 170818; 178756; 186922; 186931; 187497; 192636; 199209; 206737; 207233; 208713; 215852; 216862; 219544; 223710; 234421; 239518; 242109; 246728; 252736; 256630; 262147; 271234; 271231; 275969; 279901; 281775; 293176.

INITIAL BOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

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For meaning of this number see page iii. of cover.